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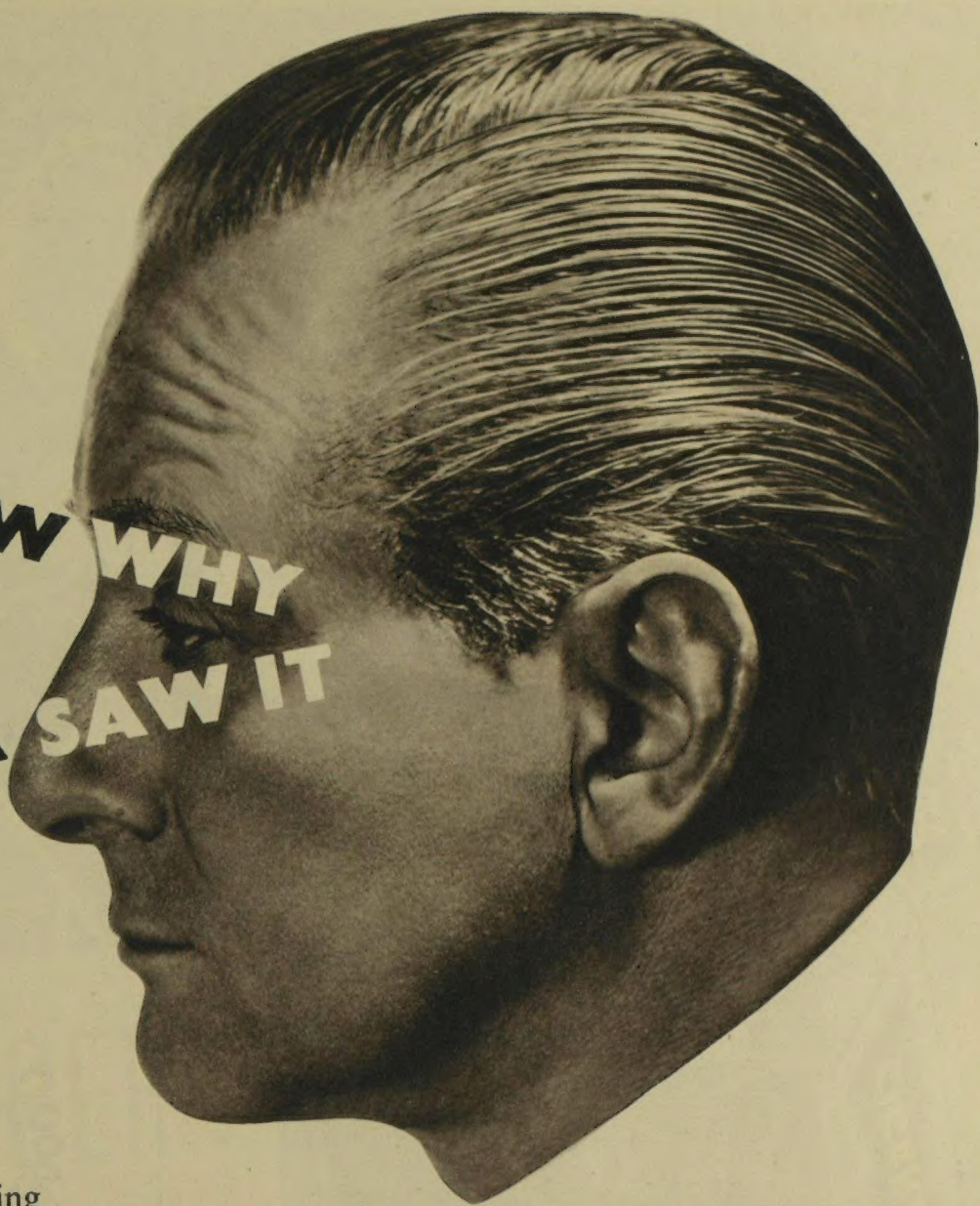
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but for years my standard of living

had been going up, and my tastes had changed accordingly,

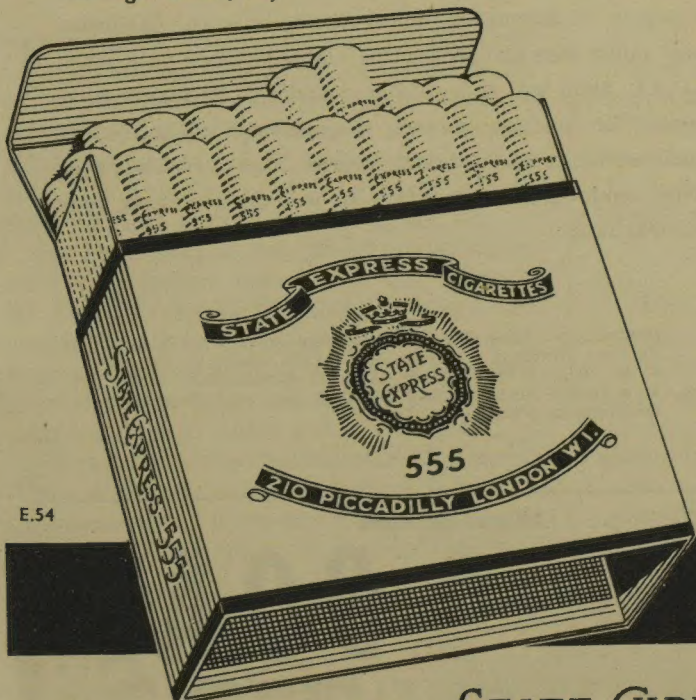
yet my smoking habits remained where they were . . . then I saw

the absurdity of a few pennies standing between me and

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4/2 FOR 20

also in 10 · 25 · 50 · 100
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The Best Cigarettes in the World

THE HOUSE OF **STATE EXPRESS** 210, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

the BIGGER cigarette



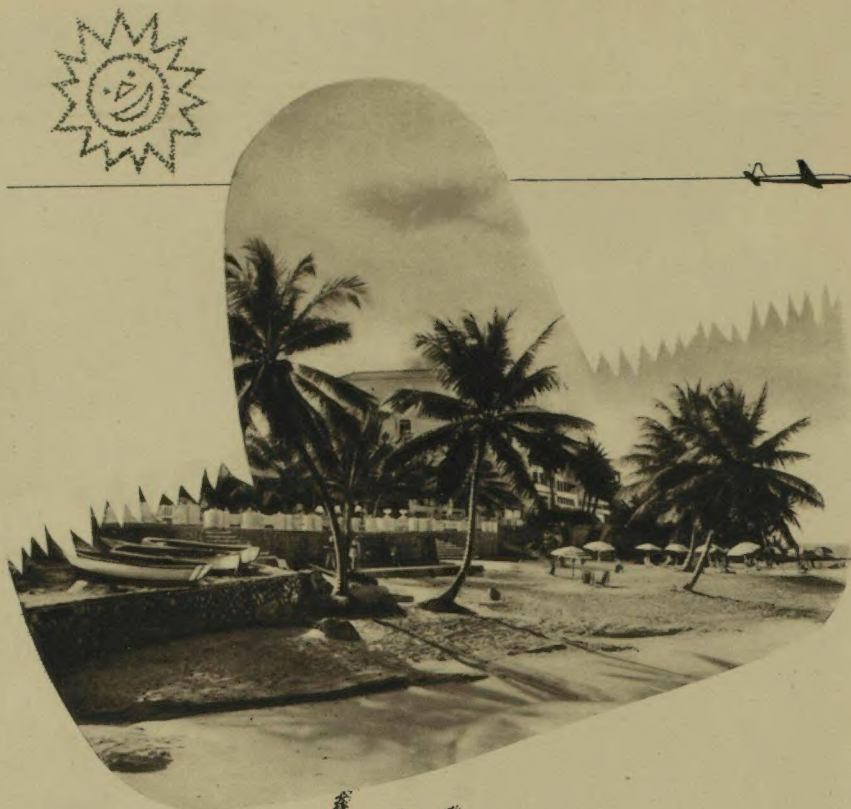
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one
for
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The new, bigger Churchman's No. 1 fully merits the protection given it by the new, hinge-lid pack. Stronger, simpler to open, this new pack accords to these fine cigarettes the permanent protection and freshness they merit. It ensures that the last Churchman's you take from your packet will be as firm, smooth and immaculate as the first.

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Summer sunshine, silvery sand, soft sea-breezes . . . swimming, surfing, boating, fishing or just idling away the days . . . plan now for the holiday of your dreams *this winter*! In just a few short hours B.O.A.C. can fly you to beautiful Ceylon, to fascinating South Africa, or to the Caribbean with its warm, sunlit days and enchanting nights brilliant with stars. And your B.O.A.C. flight will be a *holiday in itself* . . . fly luxury First Class "Majestic" for spacious comfort, magnificent food and wines, really personal service. Or fly "Coronet" Tourist Class—you'll cut your cost, keep your comfort. Start making your plans now . . . see your Travel Agent *right away*.



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and get 80% less engine wear with

BP Energol 'Visco-static' Motor Oil

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But there is an oil you can buy today which ends this danger completely. Its name is BP Energol 'Visco-static' and it protects your engine from the moment you touch the starter button. This is why BP Energol 'Visco-static' gives the remarkable test results of 80% less wear on cylinder bores and piston rings.

The striking difference between BP Energol 'Visco-static' and conventional oils is that its thickness varies far less between hot and cold. Even when you start up in very cold weather

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BP Energol 'Visco-static' is a multigrade oil covering the range from SAE 10W to SAE 40. It suits all four-stroke engines in good condition and is for all-the-year-round use.

Up to 12% less petrol

With BP Energol 'Visco-static' you save petrol too because there's less oil drag. On start and stop running your saving can be up to 12%. Even on longer journeys you can save up to 5%. And there's the extra benefit of easier starting.

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Don't mix it with other oils.

Drain and refill with BP Energol 'Visco-static'. If you have been using a non-detergent oil run 500 miles, then drain and refill again.

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- Spread shape collar with bi-sectional bone stiffeners.
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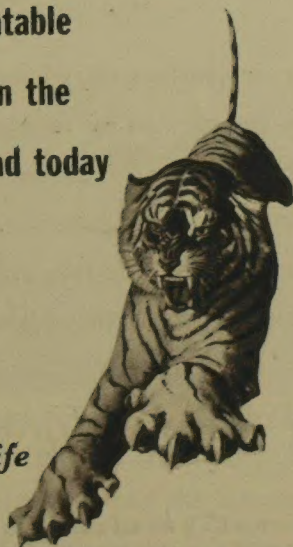


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very high compression engines



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all-round performance in the
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Both with N.S.O. for longer valve life



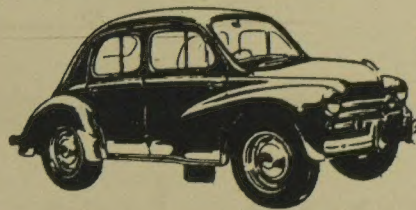
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Power with beauty, performance with economy, space with luxury—the Dauphine has them all, superbly! This wonderful new car in the middle range between the famous 750 and the Frégate is heiress to all the virtues that have made Renault cars the greatest in the world.

We are quite certain that with all her qualities she is first in her class but we ask you to judge for yourself! You are warmly invited to get in touch with your local Renault dealer for further information. The Renault network of dealers and distributors covers the entire United Kingdom.

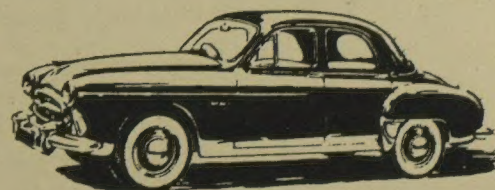


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Seating six in complete luxury and capable of 85 m.p.h. with ease, it's the ideal large car. *N.B. Overdrive fitted for economy—28 to 30 m.p.g.!*



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Steel from his company goes to all parts of the world. It may leave Britain in any one of a hundred forms: as railway equipment, as ships, as massive structures for engineering projects.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1956.



"THE SITUATION IS VERY, VERY GRAVE": MR. MENZIES (RIGHT) AND COLONEL NASSER LEAVING THE CONFERENCE CHAMBER AFTER THE FINAL MEETING OF THE UNSUCCESSFUL CAIRO TALKS ON SUEZ.

The fifth, and final, meeting between Colonel Nasser and the Menzies Committee took place at Cairo on the evening of September 9. This final meeting was devoted mainly to farewells for, as the documents and letters published soon afterwards revealed conclusively, the talks had ended in

complete deadlock. Colonel Nasser had not agreed to any of the 18-nation proposals put forward by Mr. Menzies' Committee, and said of them: "It would be difficult to imagine anything more provocative to the people of Egypt." Mr. Menzies described the situation as "very, very grave."

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE story of the Russian young lady athlete who has been so ungallantly accused of acquiring without the normal commercial formalities five hats of the value of 32s. 11d. from a London store would make a splendid theme for a ballet, and I look forward to the day when Dame Margot Fonteyn or even the great Ulanova herself dances the title-rôle at Covent Garden or the Bolshoi Theatre. In the meantime, like Colonel Nasser's similar unconventional acquisition of the Suez Canal—this, too, with a chorus of Arab slave girls and a Serpent of Old Nile, would lend itself splendidly to choreography—it looks like playing its part, like Agadir and the Anschluss, as one of the preliminaries of the next European war. For, in the brave, honest new world of the Common Man and Open Diplomacy, even the visits of foreign athletes play an important part in international relationships, and a foul at the goal or a dispute at the winning-tape may be the prelude to the

cannon's roar and the bomb's blast, to say nothing of those more efficient weapons of destruction which the scientists of the major Powers are so successfully evolving for the furtherance of man's purposes on earth. Even the bonds of Empire—or, rather, Commonwealth—can be dissolved by a well-directed spell of body-line bowling or a too-carefully-prepared pitch. And the Press, whether "free" or "totalitarian," like some enormous loud-speaker, can be trusted to magnify every episode of the disputed track or pitch until the storm in a teacup has become a Bikini or a Hiroshima. For among the virtues of popular rule a sense of proportion is not conspicuous, and peace in the democratic global whispering gallery has become one and indivisible.

This question of proportion, when one comes to think of it, is the essence of wise government, and it is not only in the international sphere that it seems lacking to-day. The episode of the Russian lady discus champion's five hats is a good example of it. Everyone knows that in the U.S.S.R. tremendous store is set on the prestige won abroad by its athletes; it is even popularly supposed in this country—though this, no doubt, is an exaggeration—that Soviet athletes who fail their country in international contests are sent to the timber camps or salt-mines in Siberia! It was quite certain, therefore, that, if a leading Russian champion was arrested on a criminal charge on the very eve of a contest she was expected to win, the waters of international goodwill and trust—not very clear at the best of times—would be very considerably muddied. It was certain, for instance, that the Russians—an exceedingly suspicious people who apparently attach an even more absurd importance to these sporting contests than we do—would become convinced that, at best, the affair was a mean and dishonest attempt to eliminate a dangerous adversary and, at worst, a sinister and Machiavellian attempt by reactionary imperialistic lackeys and warmongers to provoke a worsening of the Anglo-Soviet relations. Extracts from *Pravda* and other forthright Soviet publications have long accustomed us to this kind of thing, so no one has any right to be surprised at the furore the incident has caused. Yet the affair that has been allowed to endanger the delicate plant of Anglo-Russian goodwill is of a matter so trifling that, even if the lady did remove the hats—and unless and until she has been proved guilty of doing so, she must be assumed to be innocent—any man in authority with a grain of common sense and *savoir faire* would have seen that the matter was dealt with in an informal and friendly way and without publicity. To allow the whole majestic machinery of English law and Press publicity to be set in motion and then

blandly to declare that it is impossible to stop it, even if it causes a war, and all over a matter of 32s. worth of millinery, makes us appear the laughing stock of the world.

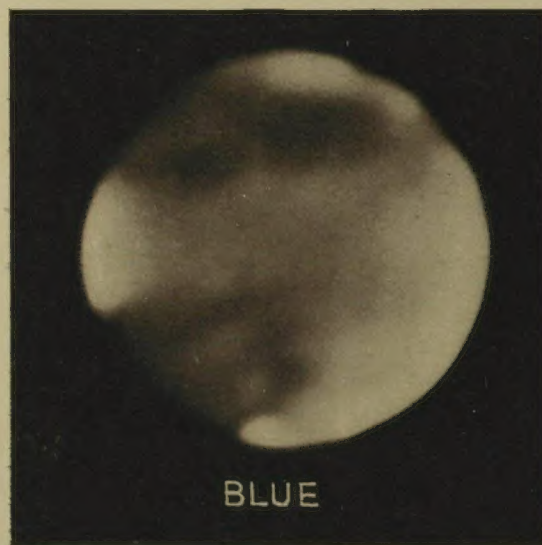
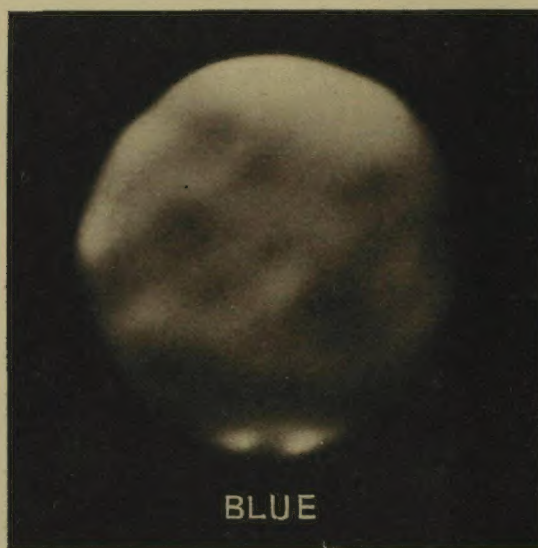
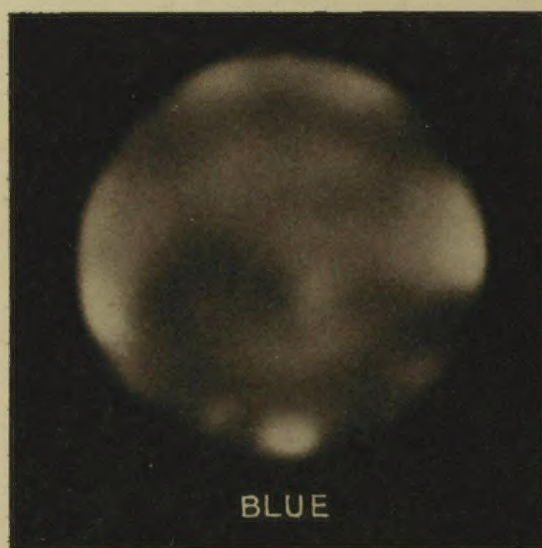
The truth, of course, is that it requires human beings to exercise common sense and a sense of proportion, and legal and administrative machines, however perfectly devised and beneficent, are not human beings. The English legal system and our Civil Service are both institutions of which we are justly very proud and are unsurpassed by those of any other country, but they cannot operate automatically in every set of circumstances to meet such circumstances, unless a reasonable degree of human judgment and discretion is applied to their exercise. A machine to which such human judgment and discretion cannot be applied is a defective machine. For machines, whether technological or administrative, are means, not ends—

a fact of which those who operate them in these days of specialisation are apt to forget. The end of all machines is the service of man or of some aggregate of man such as the nation or humanity. The British legal and police machinery to prevent petty pilfering in shops and to bring those suspected of it to trial and justice, is as good as any to be found in the world, but the way it has been applied in this particular case suggests a clumsiness and heavy-handedness in its administration that is positively inhuman. We shall never achieve the international understanding and goodwill to which we are always paying lip-service unless we can learn to be a little more elastic and considerate of other people's feelings in our dealings with our neighbours. For the fact remains that, whether it was justified or not, the public accusation brought in the name of the British Crown against this young lady is probably felt by every Russian to be a deliberate insult to his country. However unreasonable such a feeling may be, it almost certainly exists, and it seems deplorable that there was no one in authority to realise it or, alternatively, no one in authority with the necessary power of discretion to act on that realisation.

The problem of good government cannot, in short, be resolved by purely mechanical means. Important though good administrative machinery is, in the last resort it depends on the training of men to exercise authority and the manner in which they do so—in other words, on that discredited but in-

dispensable conception, aristocracy. No nation can exist for very long without human leadership of some kind, and men have to be bred or trained for it just as they have to be bred or trained to exercise a craft or trade effectively. Aristocracies may grow effete and have to be discarded or destroyed before a nation can again become efficient or great; but when they have been, new aristocracies have to be created to take their place—a process which we can see taking place in Russia to-day. The old half-landed, half-professional ruling class which, by and large, governed this country from the age of the Tudors to the beginning of the present century had many failings, though fewer, I think, than that of most aristocracies. But its harshest critic could not accuse it of a lack of either courage or *savoir faire*. It was not afraid of responsibility and it knew how to trim the sails of the ship of state to the winds of an illogical and imperfect world. That is why, when its age of power drew to its close, this country found itself controlling—and to the general advancement and progress of mankind—about a quarter of the earth. It had acquired that control, not by brute force—as is sometimes now ignorantly supposed—but by virtue of its rulers' genius for adaptation and the management of men and affairs.

RECENTLY NEARER TO THE EARTH THAN IT HAS BEEN SINCE 1924: THE PLANET MARS.



AS VIEWED BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST TELESCOPE: PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE PLANET MARS TAKEN WITH THE 200-IN. HALE TELESCOPE AT PALOMAR OBSERVATORY, CALIFORNIA.

On September 7 the planet Mars was nearer to the Earth than at any time since August 1924. It was just over 35,000,000 miles away, and it will not be as close again until 1971. Astronomers in the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, were puzzled by the fact that it was veiled by a kind of yellowish haze. What the character of the haze is has yet to be determined. A Soviet astronomer, Professor Vsevolod Sharonov, said snow which covered large areas on Mars had disappeared quickly and may have been melted "because of an unexpectedly rapid heat-up." Three of the above photographs of Mars were taken with the 200-in. Hale telescope at Palomar Observatory with a blue-sensitive plate, showing the atmospheric conditions and one, lower right, with a red-sensitive plate which pierces the atmosphere and records the permanent features of the planet.

Photographs by courtesy of the Mt. Wilson and Palomar Observatories.

A GRAVE SITUATION AT CAIRO: THE FAILURE OF THE SUEZ TALKS.



(Above.)
FORMAL COURTESY
DESPITE COMPLETE DIS-
AGREEMENT: COLONEL
NASSER (LEFT) SHAKES
HANDS WITH MR. MENZIES
AFTER THE FINAL MEET-
ING OF THE CAIRO TALKS
ON SEPTEMBER 9, WHILE
OTHER MEMBERS OF HIS
COMMITTEE LOOK ON.



LEAVING THE AUSTRALIAN EMBASSY AFTER A MEETING WITH
MR. MENZIES: THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR, SIR HUMPHREY TREVELYAN.



MR. MENZIES' HEADQUARTERS IN CAIRO: THE AUSTRALIAN EMBASSY, WHICH
IS SITUATED ON AN ISLAND IN THE RIVER NILE.



LEAVING THE EGYPTIAN PRESIDENCY BUILDING AFTER HIS FOURTH MEETING WITH COLONEL
NASSER ON SEPTEMBER 5: MR. MENZIES, ESCORTED BY A BRITISH POLICE OFFICER.



COLONEL NASSER LEAVES IN CHEERFUL MOOD AFTER HIS FOURTH MEETING WITH THE FIVE-NATION
COMMITTEE. HE MADE NO COMMENT TO THE QUESTIONS PUT TO HIM BY REPORTERS.



MEMBERS OF THE FIVE-NATION COMMITTEE PAUSE FOR A CHAT WITH
THEIR CHAIRMAN, MR. MENZIES (RIGHT): (L. TO R.) MR. HABTEWOLD
(ETHIOPIA), DR. ARDALAN (PERSIA), AND MR. LOY HENDERSON (U.S.).

Despite the apparently cordial tone at the opening, on September 3, of the talks in Cairo between Colonel Nasser and the five-nation committee headed by the Australian Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, there has been complete failure to reach agreement over the problem of the Suez Canal. The decision not to issue day-to-day reports on the progress of the talks had resulted in uncertainty about their outcome until their failure was announced after the fifth, and final, meeting on September 9. During the earlier meetings the committee had outlined the proposals put forward by the 18-nation majority at the London Conference. In the documents and

letters published soon after the final meeting between Colonel Nasser and the committee, it is clear that the Egyptian President was in no way able to regard these proposals as the basis for a solution of the Suez crisis which would be acceptable to the Egyptian Government. Mr. Menzies and the other members of his committee were to leave Cairo on the day after the final meeting. Mr. Menzies was coming to London to report to the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, who had been chairman of the London Conference, on the outcome of the Cairo talks. Meanwhile, Parliament had been recalled for September 12, to open their debate on the Suez question.

NEWS FROM HOME: SOVIET AIR REPRESENTATIVES AT FARNBOROUGH; CRICKET; AND OTHER ITEMS.



AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS: DR. C. M. CHAVASSE, BISHOP OF ROCHESTER, BLESSING THE CHALYBEATE SPRING AT THE PANTILES ON SEPTEMBER 7. Tunbridge Wells, as recorded in our issue of September 1, has been celebrating the 350th anniversary of the discovery of the town's Chalybeate Spring. On September 7, Dr. C. M. Chavasse, Bishop of Rochester, blessed the Spring.



AT SOUTHGATE: THE REV. DAVID SHEPPARD, THE ENGLAND TEST CRICKETER, PRESENTING THE CHURCH TIMES CHALLENGE CUP TO THE JOINT HOLDERS.

The final cricket match of the *Church Times* Challenge Cup was stopped by rain on September 6. The match was declared a draw between St. David's Diocese of Wales, whose captain, the Rev. J. O. Jenkins, can be seen (left), and Sheffield Diocese, whose captain, Dr. Harold Kirk-Smith, can be seen, centre.



AT FARNBOROUGH: LIEUT.-GENERAL BLAGOVESHCHENSKY, CHIEF TEST PILOT OF THE SOVIET AIR FORCE, IN THE COCKPIT OF A HAWKER HUNTER.



AT THE CONTROLS OF A BRISTOL BRITANNIA: MR. P. V. DEMENTIEV, SOVIET MINISTER FOR THE AIRCRAFT INDUSTRY, AT FARNBOROUGH.

Two Russian delegations, one led by Chief Marshal of Aviation P. F. Zhigarev, C.-in-C. of the Soviet Air Forces, and the other by the Minister for the Aircraft Industry, Mr. P. V. Dementiev, attended the Farnborough Air Display. The chief test pilot of the Soviet Air Force, Lieut.-General Blagoveshchensky, piloted a Hawker Hunter.



SPONSORED BY THE ARTS COUNCIL: AN OPEN-AIR EXHIBITION OF CONTEMPORARY BRITISH SCULPTURE IN CIRENCESTER PARK, CIRENCESTER.

On September 4 Mr. Philip James, Director of Art of the Arts Council of Great Britain, opened an exhibition of sculpture at Cirencester, arranged by Mr. Oliver Hill. This photograph shows (l. to r.) Mr. S. Harpley's "Portrait of Yvonne," Mr. R. Bedford's "Anteater," Mr. W. Soukop's "Tórso of a Youth" and Miss Barbara Hepworth's "Imprint."



AS THE SWEDISH SHIP LONA BURNED FURIOUSLY IN THE KING GEORGE DOCK, HULL: THE CREW STACKING THEIR BELONGINGS ON THE DOCKSIDE.

The Swedish ship *Lona* (2891 tons), heavily laden with pit props, was scuttled in the King George Dock, Hull, on September 9, after burning furiously for several hours. The scuttling was aimed at putting out the fire and preventing the ship from turning over and trapping a cargo-passenger ship, the *Duke of Athens*, in a dry dock.

THE BRAEMAR GATHERING: AND THE OPENING OF THE BURNHAM WEEK.



ATTENDED BY THE ROYAL FAMILY ON AN AFTERNOON OF GLORIOUS SUNSHINE: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE 1956 BRAEMAR GATHERING ON SEPTEMBER 6.



A STIRRING MOMENT AT THE BRAEMAR GATHERING: PLAYING "BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER," THE MASSED PIPE BANDS MARCH PAST THE ROYAL PAVILION.



THE ROYAL PARTY AT THE BRAEMAR GATHERING: (L. TO R.) THE MARQUESS OF ABERDEEN, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, PRINCESS MARGARET, HER MAJESTY TALKING TO CAPTAIN FARQUHARSON OF INVERCAULD, THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE.

Though the day started with pouring rain, the sun broke through to make the 1956 Braemar Gathering, on September 6, a most colourful spectacle for the Royal family, who attended during the afternoon. Some 20,000 spectators watched the dancing and sporting events.



ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE BURNHAM WEEK ON SEPTEMBER 8: THE START OF THE DRAGON CLASS RACE IN THE ROYAL BURNHAM YACHT CLUB'S OPENING REGATTA, WHICH WAS HELD IN VERY FAVOURABLE CONDITIONS.



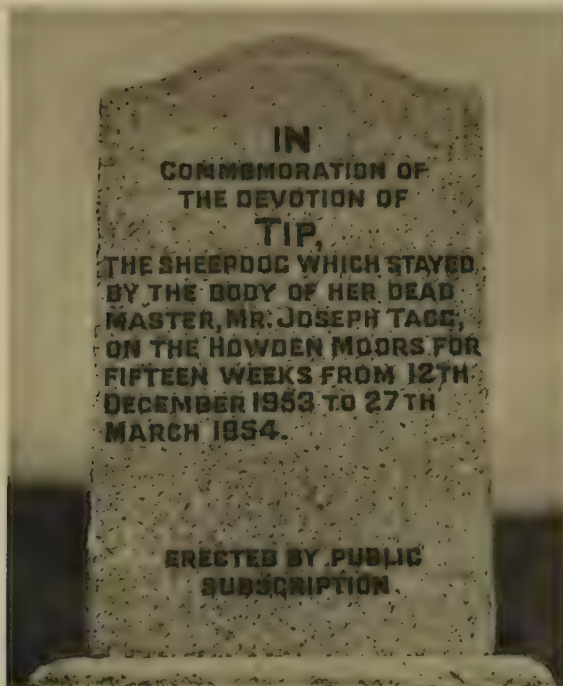
DURING THE FIRST RACE OF THE BURNHAM WEEK: B1 CLASS RATED CRUISERS COMPETING FOR THE GAYDON CHALLENGE CUP AT BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH.

The Burnham Week at Burnham-on-Crouch, Essex, opened in favourable weather on September 8 with the regatta arranged by the Royal Burnham Yacht Club. There were 22 events in which about 250 craft were engaged. The Dragon Class race was won by *Snapdragon* (D. S. Clarabut), a visitor from the Medway. *Minstrel Maid* (R. and P. Herring) was the winner of the Gaydon Challenge Trophy.

NEWS FROM BRITAIN, AMERICA AND GERMANY: A PICTORIAL MISCELLANY FROM FAR AND NEAR.



NOT A SUBMARINE'S ANTENNA BUT AN AUTOMATIC RADIO BUOY USED BY THE U.S. NAVY AS A FLOATING WEATHER STATION IN REMOTE AREAS. IT BROADCASTS WIND, PRESSURE AND TEMPERATURE DATA EVERY SIX HOURS.



COMMEMORATING A DOG'S GALLANT DEED: A PLAQUE WHICH HAS BEEN ERECTED BY THE ROADSIDE NEAR DERWENT, IN DERBYSHIRE.

A plaque commemorating the devotion of *Tip*, the collie who stayed beside her dead master for fifteen weeks on Howden Moors, in the Peak District, from December 12, 1953, to March 27, 1954, has been erected by the roadside near Derwent. *Tip*, who died in 1955, aged thirteen, went to live with the great-niece of her old master, the shepherd, Joseph Tagg. Photographs of *Tip* appeared in our issues of April 3, 1954, and January 1, 1955.



RETRIEVED FROM THE BREAKER'S YARD TO TAKE PART IN A FILM OF HER OWN STORY: H.M.S. *AMETHYST* IN THE RIVER ORWELL.

The frigate *Amethyst*, 1490 tons, which seven years ago ran the gauntlet of Chinese Communist guns in the Yangtse, is now moored in the mouth of the River Orwell, near Harwich, where location shooting is taking place for the film of her epic story which is to be called "Yangtse Incident." This photograph shows *Amethyst* and, in the foreground, Mr. Richard Todd and other members of the cast coming ashore.



BUILT IN A SINGLE PIECE AND THOUGHT TO BE THE LARGEST OF ITS KIND: A NEW FRACTIONATING TOWER ABOUT 210 FT. HIGH AND WEIGHING 410,000 LB., BEING ERECTED AT THE ESSO REFINERY AT BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA.



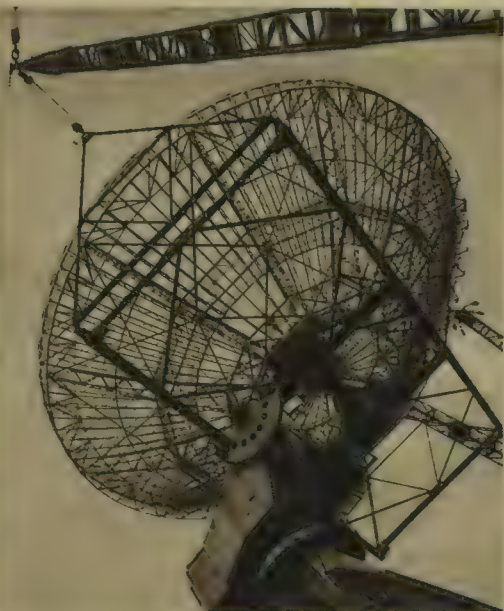
AT THE FOURTH INTERNATIONAL HANDICRAFTS EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA (SEPT. 5-21): A SCALE MODEL OF "BIG BEN" MADE FROM 5114 MATCHSTICKS. THE LARGEST EXHIBIT IS FROM THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA.



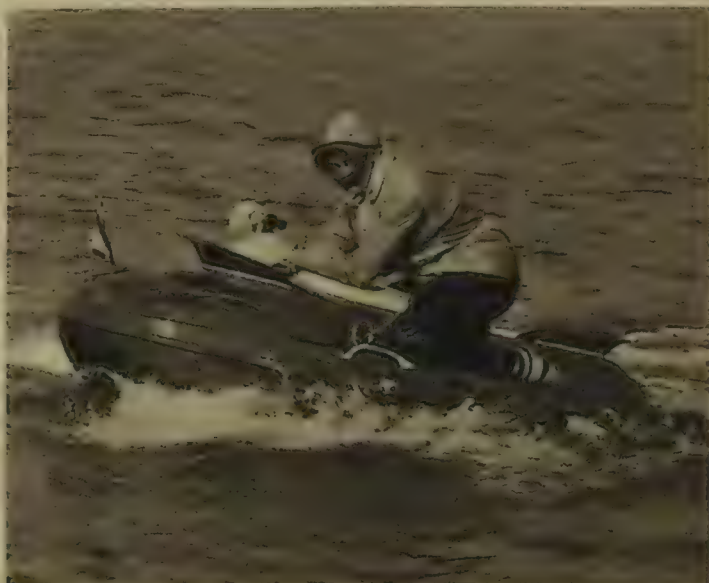
IN HONOURABLE RETIREMENT AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN: LIEUT.-COL. H. M. LLEWELLYN'S *FOXHUNTER* AT LLANVAIR GRANGE, MON. On September 1 Foxhunter, who has won seventy-eight international events, retired. "He is quite fit," said Colonel Llewellyn, "but he no longer thoroughly enjoys the sustained pressure of international shows."



WHERE COAL-MINERS ARE ASSISTING ARCHÆOLOGISTS: AN EXCAVATION, SPONSORED BY THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY AND THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, SEEKING TRACES OF THE AMERICANS OF 8000 YEARS AGO IN RUSSELL CAVE, ALABAMA.



A NEW RADIOTELESCOPE BEING ERECTED ON A MOUNTAIN-TOP IN THE EIFEL, 95 MILES SOUTH-WEST OF BONN. THE ALUMINIUM REFLECTOR HAS A DIAMETER OF 82 FT. AND HAS BEEN BUILT FOR THE OBSERVATORY OF BONN UNIVERSITY.



FROM CALAIS TO DOVER IN FIVE HOURS: MISS UNA DENTON AT THE CONTROLS OF THE TINY WATER SCOOTER IN WHICH WITH MISS KAY HARRIS SHE MADE THE CROSSING ON SEPT. 8. THIS STRANGE CRAFT HAS A STREAMLINED FIBRE-GLASS HULL. BOTH OF THE GIRLS IN THIS DARING EVENT ARE SHOW GIRLS AT THE WINDMILL THEATRE.

ATHENS, THE OVAL, SUEZ, CHARTWELL: RECENT ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

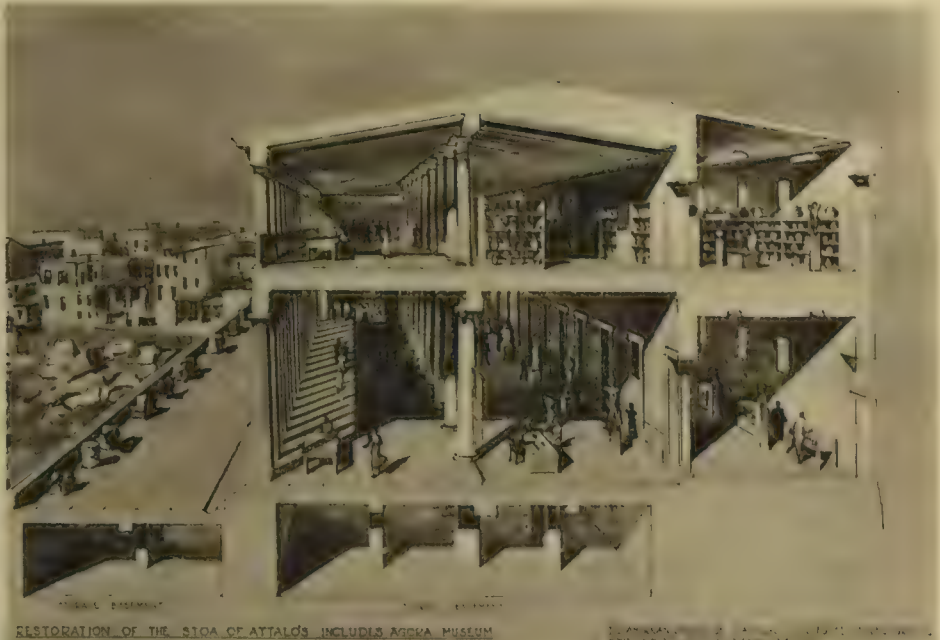


(Above.)
THE REBUILT STOA OF ATTALOS
IN THE AGORA AT ATHENS, ITS
RESTORATION COMPLETE EX-
CEPT FOR A FEW TILES. IN
THE BACKGROUND RISES THE
ACROPOLIS.

On Sept. 3 King Paul of the Hellenes and Queen Frederika attended the dedication of the rebuilt Stoa of Attalos in the Agora of Athens. This famous Stoa, first built some 2100 years ago and destroyed in A.D. 267, has been restored to house all the objects discovered in the past twenty-five years of excavation conducted by the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. Among the Americans honoured with the freedom of Athens on this occasion were Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Junr., Dr. John Caskey and Professor Homer Thompson, the field director of the excavations.

(Right.)
COUNTY CRICKET CHAMPIONS
FOR THE FIFTH YEAR RUN-
NING—A FEAT UNPRECEDEN-
TED IN 83 YEARS: PLAYERS
AND OFFICIALS OF THE SURREY
COUNTY CRICKET CLUB.

Our photograph, taken at the end of the season in which the county won its fifth successive championship, shows: (standing, l. to r.) Mr. Andrew Sandham, Constable, R. Pratt, Willet, Barrington, Fletcher, Lock, Loader, Clarke, Stewart, Cox, D. Pratt, Laker, Swetman, Mr. S. Tait. (Seated, l. to r.) E. A. Bedser, A. V. Bedser, Lord Tedder (President), W. S. Surridge (Captain), Mr. B. Castor (Secretary), P. B. H. May, McIntyre.



A SECTION OF THE REBUILT STOA OF ATTALOS, IN ATHENS, TO SHOW ITS BASEMENTS AND THE USE OF THE VARIOUS GALLERIES TO DISPLAY ALL THE ITEMS FOUND IN THE EXCAVATION OF THE AGORA.



PUT IN HAND BY THE DIRECTORS OF THE SUEZ CANAL COMPANY—AND STILL IN PROGRESS: WORK ON THE PORT SAID BY-PASS TO THE SUEZ CANAL, IN ALL 1½ MILES LONG. At the end of 1954 the Directors of the Suez Canal Company approved a programme of improvements to the Suez Canal, which were to be spread over three years and were to cost about £7,500,000. These included short by-pass canals near Port Said and in the Great Bitter Lake, and widening near Suez and in the El Firdan neighbourhood.



AT CHARTWELL: SENATOR GEORGE, PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S PERSONAL AMBASSADOR TO N.A.T.O. (LEFT), WITH SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL; AND MR. JULIUS HOLMES.

During a recent visit, Senator George, accompanied by Mr. Julius Holmes, special assistant to the U.S. Secretary of State on N.A.T.O. affairs, was entertained to luncheon by Sir Anthony Eden on Sept. 6; and on the following day by Sir Winston Churchill at his home, Chartwell, Westerham.

SIX EAST ANGLIAN CHARACTERS.

"THE DOLPHIN'S SKIN. SIX STUDIES IN ECCENTRICITY." By JAMES TURNER.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"THE DOLPHIN'S SKIN!", other readers besides myself may exclaim as they see the title of this book, "what on earth can it be about?" A quoted quatrain from George Herbert, on a fly-leaf, gives some, if faint, illumination. It suggests that the dolphin, like the chameleon but unlike the Ethiopian, can change his skin. The dolphin, however, does not change his skin, like the tame, all-too-conforming chameleon, to the colour of his surroundings; nor does he, like certain persistent types of literary and political freak, habitually and ostentatiously take the opposite colour to that of his surroundings. No: the legend is that the colour of the dolphin's skin automatically reflects the dolphin's state of mind. Those of my non-Ethiopian readers who are still, in a brazen age (I hope there are still some), capable of blushing at the remembrance of misdeeds, or *faux pas* (the most humiliating sort of misdeeds), or sudden, startling, human encounters, may have a clue to the sort of process to which the poet refers. But I must confess myself not subtle enough to perceive a connection between Mr. Turner's title and his subject. For his book consists of six chapters on six East Anglian eccentrics: chosen because they came from East Anglia, concerning which part of the world Mr. Turner is an authority.

They are a strange selection, apart from the fact that I can't trace a connection between any of them and the dolphin's skin. I know that from the European point of view we are all eccentrics. Chillon Kirby in Meredith's "Amazing Marriage" tells his sister, when they find, on the side of a shaly Alp, a poetic young Englishman, with a damaged leg, who has climbed, guideless, and slept by the side of an icy spring, that this is the kind of man who gets us a bad reputation. It was hardly for Chillon to speak, for his father was a very Prince of Eccentrics. But it is what Europeans have always expected. "All Englishmen are eccentric, though perhaps some are more eccentric than others," is the common view abroad. Be that as it may (and I hope I'm not being eccentric in saying so), Mr. Turner has made rather an eccentric choice of eccentrics.

For his subjects range from William Jennens (1700-98), a miser so obsessed with the accumulation of money that, like his friend and neighbour, Elves, he appears to our eyes a repulsive, melodramatic, almost certifiable, freak, to Edward FitzGerald, Tennyson's "Old Fitz," who, blessed with a modest private income, as every decent poet should be, chose not to scramble in Parliament or the City or even in his county, where there were plenty other public-spirited men to do the necessary jobs, but to sit by a log-fire in the winter composing or translating (his "Omar" was a mixture of both), and in the summer to dawdle about the Deben, in a boat, accompanied by a humbler, but tough, companion, who was called "Posh," and, ultimately, died of drink. He knew the kind of life he wanted: he chose it and achieved it: I don't see why a man should be bracketed with a lot of lunatics and fantasics for merely doing that?

I don't suppose that FitzGerald's mind was unsettled by the false name (genealogically) which he bore. His father, John Purcell, came of a long line of Suffolk squires, married an heiress of the great Norman-Irish clan of FitzGerald, and took over the name and arms. This sort of manœuvring has often happened in even more august English families. He seems to me to be eminently normal, not even cranky. He liked a life of lettered ease, with an old house, a garden, tame doves, a library and comfortable, if shabby, country clothes, and

he got it. His tastes were fixed early: he was only thirty when he wrote in his mellow settled way: "So runs the world away. You think I live in Epicurean ease; but this happens to be a jolly day; one isn't always well or tolerably good, the weather is not always clear, nor nightingales singing, nor Tacitus full of pleasant atrocity. But such as life is, I believe I have got hold of a good end of it." I doubt if he'd be able to do it now; the Welfare State would see to that. But it warms the heart to think that he existed. He certainly earned his living from posterity if not from his contemporaries.

Mr. Turner's company, of whom FitzGerald brings up the rear, is led by that undoubtedly odd seventeenth-century Duchess of Newcastle, whose memory was beloved by Charles Lamb, and who is now chiefly remembered by her "Life" of the husband she adored—a handsome Cavalier, who fought for his King and, like him, was painted by Vandyke, who knew all about horses and horsemanship, but was far from being a good military commander. She was born Margaret Lucas, of an Essex family, of whom it was said that "all the brothers were valiant and all the sisters virtuous." Outstanding among the brothers was Sir Charles, who was captured by the Roundheads when Colchester fell. Murdering prisoners was one of

would have pulled God out of Heaven had they had power, as they did royalty out of his throne."

"Mad Madge of Newcastle" was in exile for years with her gallant husband. They came back. "The gaiety

(of a sort)," says Mr. Turner, "might return under Charles II; the happy companionship was dead forever. Little, indeed, was left of the Lucas family but their youngest sister, Margaret. And she, when she returned with 'her Lord,' buried herself at Welbeck in Nottinghamshire and was rarely seen in London. And time, 'which runs so fast upon youth,' had run, too, upon her. When she returned to England to live, she was not, she could not have been, the same sort of person who left it. Between times a world had collapsed."

THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK WHICH IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. JAMES TURNER.

Mr. James Turner is a Suffolk man. He is primarily interested in East Anglian history and has written a book on the East Anglian rivers. He is also the author of three books of poetry and some detective stories, the last of which was called "The Strange Little Snakes."

Such collapses have been seen in our own day; and with the victims of them we should sympathise. The reader has only to imagine himself, or herself, in such conditions of exile and ruin, and realisation may come of what a return to rank, wealth, and ancestral homes may mean when almost everything one has loved or revered has gone. Margaret, Duchess, on her return to a badly-scarred England, was no longer the enterprising young girl she had been. She had become a voluminous authoress—I hope to collect once more those huge folio volumes of poems and plays which Mr. Turner says are no longer readable, for I can't believe that any productions of that "hard-like spirit, beautiful and swift" don't include treasures of imagination and thought. The Duke, a rather clumsy if brave Duke (but that she loved him is a tremendous credential to him), died after her. He wrote her epitaph for Westminster. "This Dutches was a wise, wittie and learned lady, which her many books doe well Testify; she was a most virtuous and a loving and careful wife and was with her Lord all the time of his banishment and miseries; and when he came home never parted from him in his solitary retirement."

Sandwiched in between Margaret Newcastle, a noble woman if an extremely uneven poet, and Edward FitzGerald, there are four other eccentrics. They are Edmund Hiceringill, a

violent preacher who left every sect almost as soon as he had joined it—a revolting type of seventeenth-century man who was as conceited as Hitler. They include Jack Gainsborough, the painter's brother, who was always inventing things and flopped on the ground from a flying machine. They include Richard Rigby, a truly eccentric building squire. And they include Jennens the Miser.

There was a proverb, familiar to me in my youth (to this day I don't know whether it was local to my county or general throughout England) which stated "There are no pockets in a shroud." Jennens the Miser, who didn't repair window-glass, saved on candle-ends and was found to have left enormous sums in gold in his East Anglian and London houses, couldn't bear the notion of spending. A horrible creature. Time took its revenge. A great deal of his fortune went in a protracted law-suit, about the inheritance, of the Jarndyce and Jarndyce kind.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 440 of this issue.

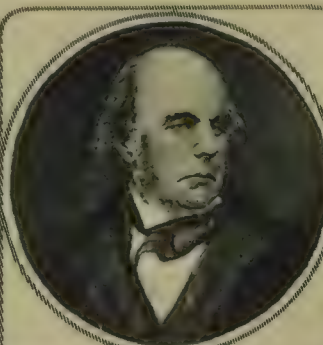


RICHARD RIGBY.
1722-1788.

(Detail from the engraving in the "London Magazine," March, 1781.)



MARGARET, DUCHESS OF
NEWCASTLE. 1625-1673-4.
(Detail from an engraving of the
Diepenbeek portrait.)

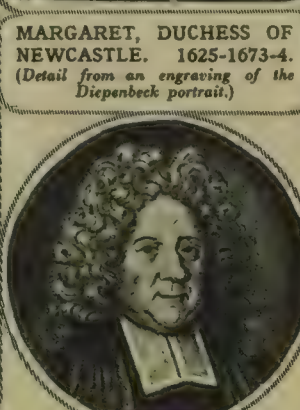


EDWARD FITZGERALD. 1809-
1883. FROM A MINIATURE
BY MRS. RIVETT-CARNAC.

(Photograph from the Mansell Collection.)

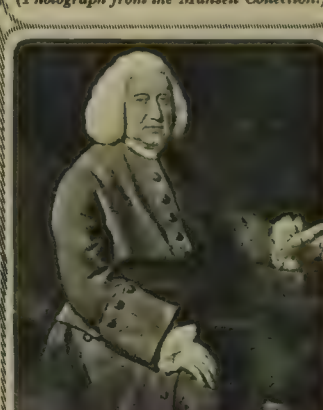


JACK GAINSBOROUGH.
(Detail from portrait by Thomas
Gainsborough, reproduced by per-
mission of the National Gallery of
Ireland.)



EDMUND HICKERINGILL.
1631-1708.

(Detail from engraving reproduced by
permission of the Public Library,
Colchester.)



CHARLES JENNENS.

(Detail from the portrait reproduced by
permission of Earl Howe.)

Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Dolphin's Skin. Six Studies in Eccentricity"; by Courtesy of the Publisher, Cassell.

their saintly pastimes: "At seven o'clock in the evening they [Sir Charles and Sir George Lisle] were brought to a green spot of ground on the north of the castle, a few paces from the wall, where they were received by three colonels, Ireton, Rainsborowe, and Whalley, with three files of musketeers who were to despatch them. Sir Charles Lucas was fixed upon to be the first to suffer, and being placed for that purpose, he said, 'I have often faced death on the field and now you shall see that I dare to die.' Then he fell on his knees, and after having continued a few minutes in that posture, rose up with a cheerful countenance and, opening his doublet, showed the soldiers his breast, calling out to them, 'See I am ready for you! Now, rebels, do your worst.' At the pronouncing of which words they fired and shot him in four places, so that he fell down dead." It was said of him that "he preferred the style of loyalty before any Dignity earth could confer upon him." Margaret, his sister, was cast in the same mould. Of the people who butchered him and plundered her mother she wrote "They

* "The Dolphin's Skin. Six Studies in Eccentricity." By James Turner. Illustrated. (Cassell; 21s.)



THE 1956 FARNBOROUGH AIR SHOW FROM THE AIR: A VIEW SHOWING MANY OF THE LATEST TYPES OF BRITISH CIVIL AND MILITARY AIRCRAFT LINED UP ON ONE OF THE RUNWAYS.

The 1956 Farnborough Air Show, staged by the Society of British Aircraft Constructors, and of which there are further illustrations on the next two pages of this issue, has at the time of writing already resulted in a welcome crop of export orders for British civil aircraft and, as usual, there has been an impressive display of the latest developments in British military aircraft. Flying programmes were carried out in spite of unfavourable weather. The Show took place from September 3 to 9, the first few days being for the experts and Press, and the last three for the public. Altogether there were some 6000 foreign representatives present, and included among them were two delegations from Russia, headed by Chief Marshal of Aviation P. F. Zhigarev, Commander-in-Chief of the Soviet Air Forces, and by Mr. P. V. Dementiev, Minister for the Aircraft Industry. Satisfying export orders for British aircraft and aircraft components were placed and, besides

those mentioned on the next two pages, Scottish Aviation were reported to have received orders for *Twin Pioneers* (the transport aircraft with outstanding take-off and landing performance) from two Continental air lines, and Air India International have specified Rolls-Royce *Conway* by-pass engines for the three Boeing 707 airliners they have ordered. During his visit to Farnborough on September 4 Mr. Dementiev gave a Press conference. He was asked when Russia was going to buy British civil aircraft, and replied simply that "they had down to Britain in their own *TU 104*, which was already in regular service," and that by next year they would have a "turbo-prop. aircraft which would carry between 120 and 180 people." In reply to a question, however, no clear indication was given as to whether Russia intended to put civil aircraft on the international market. He said Russia had aircraft as fast as the *Fairey Delta 2*, the world speed record holder.

Photograph by Aerofilms Limited.

THE 1956 FARNBOROUGH AIR SHOW: AN IMPRESSIVE DISPLAY OF THE LATEST BRITISH AIRCRAFT, AND A SUCCESSFUL EXPORT TRADE "SHOP WINDOW."



ONE OF THE WORLD'S FASTEST AIRCRAFT: THE FAIREY *DELTA 2*, IN WHICH A WORLD SPEED RECORD OF 1132 M.P.H. WAS SET UP LAST MARCH.



EMBARKING 100 SOLDIERS IN UNDER TWO MINUTES: A 64-TON BLACKBURN *BEVERLEY* TROOP-CARRIER IN A DEMONSTRATION AT FARNBOROUGH.



SEEN JUST AFTER TAKING-OFF: A GLOSTER *JAVELIN* TWO-SEAT ALL-WEATHER DELTA WING FIGHTER, POWERED BY TWO ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY *SAPPHIRES*.



ONE OF THE AIRCRAFT FOR TESTING OUT NEW ENGINES: A BRISTOL *BRITANNIA* AIRLINER WITH THE NEW BRISTOL *ORION* TURBO-PROP. ENGINE.



SEEN FROM BEHIND: THE DE HAVILLAND *D.H.110* TWO-SEAT DAY AND NIGHT ALL-WEATHER FIGHTER, POWERED BY ROLLS-ROYCE *AVON* ENGINES.



ONE OF THE LATEST ROYAL NAVY FIGHTERS: THE DE HAVILLAND *D.H. 110* WHICH HAS THE LATEST ELECTRONIC COMBAT AND NAVIGATIONAL AIDS.

The Society of British Aircraft Constructors held their annual air show and flying display at Farnborough this year from September 3-9, the first few days being for technicians and experts and the latter part for the public. Weather conditions were generally unfavourable. Nevertheless flying programmes were able to be carried out and the hopes of the organisers of selling British aircraft products abroad were realised in a welcome crop of orders. As usual military aircraft were well represented. Most of the aircraft shown were, however, the latest developments of known models and not basically

new types. Interesting military exhibits included the Fairey *Delta 2*, in which Mr. Peter Twiss set up a new world speed record of 1132 m.p.h. earlier this year, the air-to-air guided missile, the Fairey *Fireflash*, and the de Havilland *Super Sprite* rocket motors which are to be standard equipment on the V-class bombers for assisting in take-off. The speed at which troops could embark and disembark from modern troop-carrying aircraft was demonstrated when 100 soldiers drove up to a Blackburn *Beverley* and were inside and ready for take off in under 2 minutes. They disembarked in an even shorter time.



ROCKET MOTORS TO ASSIST IN TAKE-OFF: AN ENGLISH ELECTRIC *CANBERRA* TAKING-OFF WITH THE AID OF A NAPIER *SCORPION* ROCKET MOTOR.



PERMITTING HIGHER TAKE-OFF WEIGHT OR THE USE OF SHORTER RUNWAYS: THE DE HAVILLAND *SUPER SPRITE* ROCKET MOTOR IN A VICKERS *VALIANT* BOMBER.



CARRYING A VARIETY OF WEAPONS UNDER ITS WINGS: A FAIREY *GANNET* ANTI-SUBMARINE AIRCRAFT, POWERED BY AN ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY *DOUBLE MAMBA* TURBO-PROP. ENGINE.



TESTING A DE HAVILLAND *GYRON* ENGINE—DESCRIBED AS HAVING LOW WEIGHT AND ENORMOUS POWER.



THE BACK OF THE FAIREY *DELTA 2* RESEARCH AIRCRAFT: IT WAS ONE OF THESE WHICH SET UP THE NEW WORLD SPEED RECORD IN MARCH.

Shown for the first time was an engine with thrust reversal to shorten landing run. A member of the Soviet delegation, Lieut.-General Blagoveshchensky, the chief Russian Air Force test pilot, flew a *Hunter* trainer. He described it as a very good aircraft. Other members of the Soviet party gave somewhat vague answers when questioned on Russian aviation. There was a total of some 6500 experts from 120 different countries at Farnborough. Among many valuable sales made during the week and announced up to the time of writing were the following. A total of ten more Vickers-Armstrongs



ONE OF THE R.A.F.'S V-CLASS GIANTS: THE AVRO *VULCAN* BOMBER, WHICH WILL SOON BE IN SQUADRON SERVICE.

turbo-prop. *Viscounts* had been ordered by Canadian and by three South American airlines, bringing the total now sold to 356. Four Edgar Percival *EP. 9* agricultural aircraft were ordered by a New Zealand firm. Three Bristol *Britannias* were ordered by the British independent airline Hunting-Clan Air Transport, and the Ministry of Supply placed an order for an undisclosed number of *Twin Pioneers*, transport aircraft with extremely good take-off and landing performance, with the manufacturers, Scottish Aviation, who also received orders from two Continental air lines.

THIS page has been of late a great deal occupied by the topic of the Suez Canal. It may be thought that my views have been sufficiently aired, at least until some settlement is there for comment. In case that is so, I start to-day with the assurance that, despite the opening, the problem is not going to be discussed once more. The Canal on this occasion provides only a peg. I am moved to comment on a comment by the Political Correspondent of the *Observer*. He remarked on Sunday, September 2, that critics of the Government believed "that the Chiefs of Staff must have warned Sir Anthony against using force" if the negotiations on the Canal broke down. He went on to say that there was no evidence to this effect. On the contrary, the Prime Minister would never have spoken as he had unless he had been assured of an easy military success if required.

I agreed so strongly that I wondered whether the writer had set up a dummy for the pleasure of cleaving it to the chin. Such petty thoughts disappeared in the interest aroused by the next sentence. This was to the effect that "what happens afterwards" was not a matter for the military advisers and that it was to be doubted whether they had been asked for their views on this subject. I suppose such an interpretation of the relations between soldiers and statesmen might have been to a certain extent true up to about half a century ago. I should be astonished to learn that it had been true in any single instance in recent times. To-day the Whitehall machinery precludes such an occurrence so definitely that even human fallibility barely makes it possible.

The system is practically independent of personalities, but it so chances that the present Chief of the Imperial General Staff, General Sir Gerald Templer, has had an exceptional experience of political issues of every sort, probably more than he has relished. It would be inconceivable in his case that the factor "what happens afterwards" should fail to move through his mind parallel with the problem of action. It would be equally inconceivable that his views on "what happens afterwards" from both the purely military and the politico-military point of view should not have been conveyed to the Cabinet and indeed demanded at an early stage.

The popular conception of the Chiefs of Staff as a body of expert advisers, who are also professional heads of the three Services, is correct so long as it is realised that this is only a main component of the machinery. The basic conception is sound: to combine the functions of advice to the Government, control, and planning with direct responsibility for the three fighting forces. It proved triumphantly superior to the superficially attractive German conception of a super-staff divorced from direct responsibility of this sort. But to imagine that the system stopped at that would be a complete error. Tentacles stretch out in every direction. I can think of some eight ministries which they embrace, without having to ponder the subject deeply.

Sometimes it is done by what is called "sitting in," sometimes by other means, such as "briefing." I suspect that one characteristic of this practice is that the minister likes his briefer to be more important than is practically necessary. When this is so, the minister's briefer has to go to a junior briefer for briefing, and even then may not be as sound on detail as the junior. Staffs could probably be cut by 10 per cent. if there were no briefing. But this is cheap irony. The practice is the only possible means of making sure that everyone who needs accurate professional information at a

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. SOLDIERS AND STATESMEN.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

moment's notice can get it. Incidentally, it provides first-class political education for the briefers.

The Prime Minister is *ex officio* entrusted with the supreme responsibility for defence and is closely connected with the subject through the Defence Committee. It is nowadays impossible

any more than that he should be left in ignorance of those of the Foreign Office. This institution itself may be the initiator of military policy, as may in some cases the Chiefs of Staff. All major decisions are, of course, Cabinet decisions, but the day has passed when major decisions can be taken without

reference not merely to their practicability but also to their repercussions in every shape.

The Chiefs of Staff are equals, with the Ministry of Defence as co-ordinator and, when necessary, reconciler. It is true that in some phases at least of the Second World War—for example, when Sir John Dill was Chief of the Imperial General Staff

and Sir Dudley Pound First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff—the soldier tended to play the biggest part in general strategy and the sailor, probably the airman also, to concern themselves more particularly with the affairs of their own Services. Lord Alanbrooke also played a great part in the formation and control of strategy. Such precedents, however, were not necessarily to be sanctified by later usage. It is a matter of experience, temperament, talents, and, not least, gifts of self-expression.

It also has to be borne in mind that officers to-day take a part in international policy, something which hardly existed, at least consecutively, before very recent times. The Standing Group, through which the Ministry of Defence deals

with N.A.T.O., is deeply concerned with international policy. I have brought this last topic in here only to show how wide is the experience in these fields open to the naval, military, and air officer. Let us, in what space remains, consider the officers themselves and not only the senior but all who show sufficient promise to be selected for the higher educational establishments, who become instructors, who pass through Service ministries, and some without these advantages.

The military team to-day has admittedly a long tail. That is because other avocations appear to offer higher rewards to skilful players. But up at the top of the batting list the standard is very high. Among the elect one may find relatively few of sheer genius, but one does find a number who combine good intellectual power and ability with strength of character. That is not a combination to be found in superfluity in any walk of life. These men, in particular, are not only encouraged to acquire knowledge on policy and politics, but virtually forced to.

They do not, of course, know as much about, shall we say, Mr. Gaitskell, as does the Political Correspondent of the *Observer*, but they observe more than is commonly supposed of the structure and manning of even home politics, even of the sensitivity of the politician's ear when pressed to the ground. Foreign politics, however, are naturally more in their line, and the best of them learn to link knowledge acquired about that with the rôle of the profession of arms. They are not paragons, but they do span the gulf between policy and military activity which used to be unbridged except by two or three men at the very top.

What I have striven to show is that there exists first of all a machinery, and secondly an atmosphere in the fighting Services, which in combination prevent the fears, if fears they were, of the Political Correspondent of the *Observer* from being realised. I assure him that he may sleep soundly in his bed without being perturbed by nightmares such as that which must have afflicted him. When a military plan is made it may be unjustified or weak, but at least all concerned know what it means.



ADMIRAL EARL MOUNTBATTEN OF BURMA: FIRST SEA LORD AND CHIEF OF NAVAL STAFF.



GENERAL SIR GERALD TEMPLER: CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF.



AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR DERMOT BOYLE: CHIEF OF THE AIR STAFF.

In his article this week Captain Falls writes about the work and position of the three Chiefs of Staff, whose portraits appear above. Admiral Lord Mountbatten has been First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff since April 1955. Sir Gerald Templer was appointed Chief of the Imperial General Staff in the same month, while Sir Dermot Boyle received his appointment at the end of 1955.

to conceive that he should at an early stage in any discussion of possible military action fail to obtain the views of the Government's military advisers on "what happens afterwards"



AT THE OPENING SESSION OF THE EIGHTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL TRADES UNION CONGRESS AT BRIGHTON: MR. W. B. BEARD GIVING HIS PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS.



SIR THOMAS WILLIAMSON (LEFT), GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE NATIONAL UNION OF GENERAL AND MUNICIPAL WORKERS, DISCUSSES A POINT WITH TWO COLLEAGUES.



A PRE-CONFERENCE CHAT: MR. W. B. BEARD (LEFT), CHAIRMAN OF THE T.U.C., TALKING WITH SIR VINCENT TEWSON, THE GENERAL SECRETARY.



THREE UNION LEADERS AT BRIGHTON: (L. TO R.) MR. G. WOODCOCK, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE T.U.C.; SIR ALFRED ROBERTS AND MR. J. CRAWFORD.



ARRIVING FOR THE CONGRESS: MR. FRANK COUSINS (RIGHT), GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE T.G.W.U., AND MR. J. CAMPBELL, GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE N.U.R.



A FRIENDLY GROUP AT BRIGHTON: SIR TOM O'BRIEN, M.P. FOR NOTTINGHAM WEST, WITH MISS ANNE GODWIN (LEFT) AND DAME FLORENCE HANCOCK.



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE AMALGAMATED ENGINEERING UNION, MR. W. J. CARRON (RIGHT), WITH HIS PREDECESSOR IN THAT OFFICE, MR. R. OPENSHAW.

UNION LEADERS MEET AT BRIGHTON: THE EIGHTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL TRADES UNION CONGRESS.

The eighty-eighth Annual Trades Union Congress opened at Brighton on September 3. In his presidential address Mr. W. B. Beard stressed the importance of increased output and greater industrial efficiency. He urged the Government to follow a more "resolute" policy of investment in industry. Most of the second day was devoted to a debate on the problems of automation. The delegates did not oppose automation provided adequate safeguards were taken against redundancy. On September 5 the Congress debated

economic policy and emphatically rejected the Government's pleas for a policy of wage restraint in face of rising prices. This debate was opened by Mr. W. L. Heywood, chairman of the economic committee, who emphasised that living standards must not be endangered by a policy of wage restraint. On the following day the Congress debated the Suez Canal problem and unanimously supported the eighteen-nation plan, but warned the Government against the unnecessary use of force.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

ANCHUSAS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.



CAN it really have been more than half a century ago that the whole gardening world—or, at any rate, the whole dense crowd at the Temple Flower Show, which amounted to much the same thing—was astonished and enchanted by the sudden advent of a superb new blue herbaceous perennial, *Anchusa italica* "Dropmore Variety"? I find the date recorded as 1905, yet I can visualise the simple little exhibit of this plant, and recall the sensation that it made more vividly than almost any of the huge, costly and flamboyant exhibits that have erupted at Chelsea in more recent years.

The exhibit came from the firm, Maurice Pritchard, of Riverslea Nursery at Christchurch, Hants, and nothing could have been simpler and less expensive to bring to the show. It consisted of a dozen specimens of the plant, grown singly in small tubs—butter-tubs; I think they were—each about 18 ins. across and 18 ins. deep. The plants were perfectly grown, and timed to flower to the day, shapely specimens, standing about 5 ft. tall in their shoes, and covered from top to bottom with myriads of those splendid blossoms like gigantic forget-me-nots of a pure, brilliant gentian blue. The plants stood, nicely spaced out, in a simple little group with a frontage on a main thoroughfare in the middle of the show ground. Seldom, surely, can so small and simple an exhibit have caused such a sensation at any R.H.S. Show, before or since, and few exhibits can have proved so profitable for their size. For the whole duration of the show Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard and a constellation of little Pritchards, plus two foremen, stood there with pencils and notebooks taking down orders for *Anchusa* "Dropmore." I forget what the price was, but rather think it was half-a-crown a plant, and in those days half-a-crown was quite a lot of money. With sixpence added it would buy a bottle of whisky.

I hope the firm of Pritchard had ample stock from which to supply the phenomenal crop of orders that resulted from that Temple exhibit. I expect they managed comfortably, for it is an easy plant to propagate. The technique is—and this is, or was, a trade secret, so for pity's sake don't tell a soul—to treat the plant as though you wished to destroy it. You dig the plant up, thoroughly, to the last scrap of root, and then chop the roots into small pieces. In other words, you make root-cuttings of them. The fleshy roots are finger-thick, and my plan, in the days when I was a nurseryman, was to cut them into 1½ to 2-in. lengths, lay them flat in a shallow box of soil, cover with half an inch of soil, and put them in a cold frame. Then, in a week or two, each section of root would push up leaves from what had been its upper end, and roots from the other end. They were then ready to plant out in open ground, where they would make hearty flowering plants for next summer.

I do not think that individual specimens are always very long-lived. The Dropmore anchusa was followed later by several other varieties—"Grandiflora," "Morning Glory," "Opal," with lighter blue flowers, and "Pride of Dover." And, true to form, having made a sensational and triumphant garden début as *Anchusa italica* "Dropmore Variety," the correct name of the species has now been found to be *A. azurea*. Well, *azurea* is at any rate appropriately descriptive, but the name *italica* has taken such a firm, deep root-hold in horticulture that I fear it will take a long time for this tiresome little mix-up to adjust itself comfortably and satisfactorily.

The trouble with the scientific botanical Latin names of the plants we grow is that we gardeners must

depend upon such books of reference as we happen to possess, or can afford to buy, and the names we find on referring to our garden library must depend upon the date of the publication of our books and, of course, upon erudition and the conscientiousness of their authors or compilers. For over half a century I have known and referred to the anchusa under discussion as *A. italica*, and it is only now, on verifying things in the R.H.S. Dictionary of Gardening, that I discover that for all these years I have been hopelessly incorrect. However, I comfort myself with the

logical. A plant may have had recognition under a name which had become a household word of world-wide use, but then if some savant discovers that the plant had been otherwise baptised at an earlier date by some earlier authority, the old familiar name has to go. And so it goes on. Eventually and in the long run, it may be presumed we shall emerge from the present reign of systematic chaos—or rather, our grandchildren will. But meanwhile, those of us who have already enjoyed a fairly long run are apt to become a little irritated by never quite knowing what to call some of our oldest favourite plants.

An outstanding example of this is the shrub which folk who are now grandparents knew as *Pyrus japonica*, or more familiarly, as just "Japonica"—and many of the present generation still know those names and no other. Some little time ago the name reverted, officially, to the earlier *Cydonia japonica*, and after a while *Cydonia* began to be known and fairly widely used. Now, however, both *Pyrus* and *Cydonia* have been banished, together with the old specific *Japonica*. You must call the lovely old red-flowered Japanese quince *Chaenomeles lagenaria*, if you wish to be correct, but not, I submit, if you hope to be generally understood. But let me hasten to add that I record this last alteration in all humility and with every reservation. For all I know, *Chaenomeles lagenaria* may already be hopelessly out of date.

But enough. Let us get back to the *Anchusas*. The South African *Anchusa capensis* is a most valuable dwarfish plant for the flower border, 12 to 18 ins. high, and bright indigo blue. It may be treated as an annual or a biennial, though, coming from South Africa, as a biennial it requires frame protection to see it through the winter.

Anchusa sempervirens is a sturdy, rather coarse perennial, 18 to 24 ins. high, a British native, well worth a place in rough places and the wild garden if you have room for that sort of thing. The flowers, in May, are bright blue. *Anchusa caespitosa* is a newcomer from—I think—Crete. But there appear to be two *caespitosas*. There is a blue-flowered edition, a rather straggly, sprawling thing about 18 ins. high, with great quantities of blue flowers in early summer. It has many devout admirers. But to my way of thinking, it seems to be what they call in York-

shire "neither summat nor nowt." Rather too coarse for the rock garden and not sufficiently impressive for the herbaceous border. The other *caespitosa* I have only seen as rather tentative pot-grown specimens at shows. Flat rosettes of leaves, among which huddle a few almost stemless blue flowers. I am told by one who grows it that it is not a very long-lived plant, best propagated and kept going by root cuttings. It is said to require light soil and good drainage. I feel that it is not fair to judge this plant by the few pot specimens that I have seen. Regardless of what the cost may be, I have a specimen on order, which may turn up any day now. When it arrives I shall disregard the mixed and variegated accounts I have read and heard of it. I shall treat it with kindness and humanity, but I have no intention of encouraging temperament by any show of awed respect for its great reputation. If it chooses to behave like a reasonable plant and show its pretty ways, I shall be pleased and rather surprised. If it displays the tantrums of a temperamental, an inveterate, invalid, then the sooner it qualifies honestly and openly for the compost-heap, the better I shall be pleased.



"A MOST VALUABLE DWARFISH PLANT FOR THE FLOWER BORDER... BRIGHT INDIGO BLUE": THE SOUTH AFRICAN ANNUAL (OR BIENNIAL), *ANCHUSA CAPENSIS*, IN THE IMPROVED VARIETY "BLUE BIRD."

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

thought that in this matter I have been in the very good company of the whole horticultural world—almost. Of course, the experts in botanical nomenclature are right. They have drawn up a strict code in the matter, and that code is perfectly

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UGLY SCENES IN TENNESSEE AND TEXAS: RACIAL TENSION IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.



RACIAL UNREST IN TEXAS: THE SCENE AT FORT WORTH ON SEPTEMBER 2 WHEN A CROWD GATHERED TO PROTEST AGAINST A NEGRO FAMILY'S MOVE INTO A PREVIOUSLY "ALL-WHITE" SECTION.



STRUNG UP OUTSIDE THE NEGRO FAMILY'S HOME IN THE "ALL-WHITE" SECTION OF FORT WORTH: AN EFFIGY OF A MURDERED NEGRO.



LISTENING TO A PRO-SEGREGATION HARANGUE: A MASS MEETING OUTSIDE THE COURT-HOUSE AT CLINTON.

The beginning of the school term in the Southern States of America has seen some further attempts to comply with the Supreme Court's ruling against racial segregation in schools. Even though these attempts were on a very small scale they have resulted in a number of unfortunate incidents in several States. Most serious were the riots in Clinton, Tennessee, where twelve Negro pupils had been assigned to the high school. The trouble here started with the arrival of an agitator from Washington, who was promptly sentenced



THE CAUSE OF RIOTING AND VIOLENCE IN CLINTON, TENNESSEE: THREE NEGRO PUPILS ENTER THE SCHOOL WHICH THEY CAN NOW LEGALLY ATTEND.

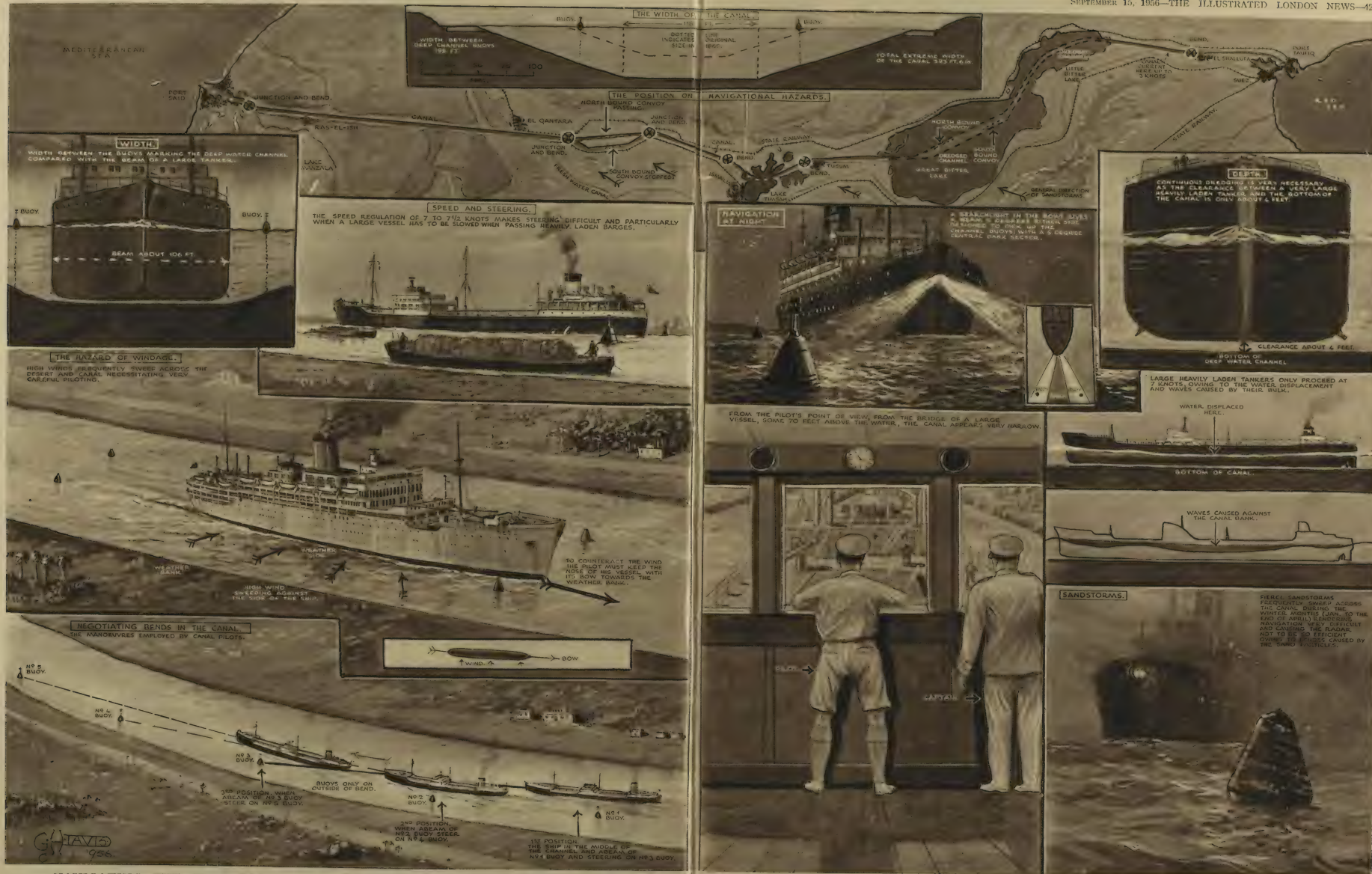


ATTACKED EVEN THOUGH HE WORE HIS COUNTRY'S UNIFORM: A NEGRO SAILOR IS TAKEN INTO PROTECTIVE CUSTODY BY NATIONAL GUARDSMEN AT CLINTON.



A SERIOUS MOMENT DURING THE DISTURBANCES AT CLINTON: NATIONAL GUARDSMEN, WITH BAYONETS FIXED, HOLDING THE ANGRY MOB AT BAY.

to a year's imprisonment for violating an injunction against anti-Negro manifestations. However, during the week-end of September 1 and 2 there was a series of violent incidents in Clinton. Units of the National Guard were summoned to restore order, and by September 5, though the atmosphere was still tense, the twelve Negro pupils were again able to attend their school. There were a number of demonstrations at Fort Worth, Texas, where a Negro family had moved into the previously "all-white" Riverside section.



NAVIGATING THE SUEZ CANAL: THE DIFFICULT AND HIGHLY SKILLED WORK OF THE CANAL PILOTS AND SOME OF THE NAVIGATIONAL HAZARDS OF THE CANAL.

The great importance of the free movement of shipping through the Suez Canal has been emphasised by Colonel Nasser's recent high-handed act of nationalisation. The Canal is important to many nations, but most of all to Great Britain. What has not been perhaps generally realised during the last few weeks, when the political aspect of the affair and the question of international control of the Canal have been so much in the headlines, is the extent to which the efficient operating of the great waterway is dependent on the small band of highly-trained Canal pilots who are mostly of west European nationality. The experience which a pilot must have to be able to pilot ships

through the Canal, especially the larger ships, is very great. To gain this experience a long period of training is necessary. Never, in fact, can so much trade have depended on so few ships' pilots, and an important fact in view of the present unsettled situation is that new pilots, even with long experience elsewhere, could not immediately replace the present ones but would need a considerable amount of training. A second most important factor in the Canal situation is the necessity of continuous dredging, owing to the very small clearance—about 4 feet—between the Canal bottom and that of the larger ships when fully laden. The volume of trade passing through the

Canal is increasing and so is the size of many of the new oil tankers and of other new ships. Thus if the Canal is properly to fulfil its functions in the future, its capacity will have to be increased. The difficulties of navigating the Canal are reflected in the training periods for the pilots of the old company: between one and three years' experience was necessary before a pilot could guide ships of up to 12,000 tons; from seven to ten years' before he could guide ships of about 25,000 tons and several more years before he could take on ships of unlimited size. The total of qualified Egyptian pilots is very small. Some of the difficulties which best pilots in the Suez Canal are

outlined in our illustration, and there are many other hydraulic problems which are too complicated to be explained here. Major problems of piloting are presented by the winds which blow from the desert in the winter and spring, and by sandstorms which reduce visibility sometimes to about a quarter of a mile and which also interfere with the radar. To counteract cross winds the ships have to proceed crabwise, steering, as shown above, on the next buoy but one ahead. The difficulties are such that a slight misjudgment or a few seconds' hesitation may well put a ship across the Canal, thus blocking all traffic for a matter of hours or even a whole day.

Drawn by our Special Artists, G. H. Davis, S.M.A., with the co-operation of the Suez Canal Company, and of Captain P. J. Evans (Major Pilot).

WHERE WIVES ARE LOST AND WON AT THE THROW OF A POLE: LEG-BREAKING CONTESTS.



(Above.) BEFORE THE THROW: THE ATTACKER RUNS A FEW STEPS, BALANCING THE Balsa LOG ON THE PALMS OF HIS HANDS BEFORE HURLING IT AT HIS ADVERSARY'S LEGS.



SOBERING-UP IN THE STOCKS: TWO OF THE CONTESTANTS WHO HAVE BECOME TOO OBSTREPEROUS UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE HIGHLY INTOXICATING CHICHA ARE PLACED IN THE CEPO.

(Right.) ARRANGING DYED FEATHERS ON THE CROWN OF HIS STRAW BOATER: A CONTESTANT ADJUSTS HIS HEADGEAR WITH METICULOUS CARE. THE MEN EXHIBIT GREAT INGENUITY IN THE DECORATION OF THEIR HATS.



WEARING AN ELABORATE BEAD COLLAR: THE MAN WHO WAS CHAMPION OF THE LEG-BREAKING CONTESTS HELD IN CHIRIQUI, PANAMA.



A WORRIED SPECTATOR: ONE OF THE WIVES SEEMS TO BE APPREHENSIVE ABOUT THE OUTCOME OF THE CONTEST.



INTERESTED SPECTATORS: THE WIVES, FORTIFIED BY CHICHA, WATCH THE CONTESTS, SOME, PERHAPS, IN THE EXPECTATION OF GAINING A MORE HANDSOME HUSBAND.

One of the strangest contests in the world is played once a year by the Guaymí Indians of northern Panama. The stakes are wives, and those men who are unlucky, or unskilled, may get their legs broken or sustain other serious injuries. An eye-witness account by Miss Peggy Poor of a *balseria*, as it is called from the long balsa poles which are used, appeared in a recent issue of the American magazine *Natural History* and it was illustrated with photographs taken by Mr. Kurt Severin, who has sent us those which we reproduce on this and on the facing page. *Balserias* are arranged by the tribal chieftains and they serve some of the purposes of a domestic relations court. A *balseria* comprises a social gathering, a drinking bout, a religious ceremony and the traditional leg-breaking contest. After a day of drinking and some preliminary hand-to-hand fighting between the opponents-to-be, so that they can test each other's strength, the great day arrives. The game itself is brutal, but happily the inebriated state of the contestants diminishes the skill and precision of the balsa throwers.

One man selects a 6-ft. balsa pole while the other assumes a stance with his back towards his opponent, crouching slightly, with feet apart and hands on knees. The attacker hurls the balsa with full force against the legs of the defender. If the defender is fortunate enough to evade it by timing his jump perfectly the positions are reversed. Play goes on until each man has launched thirty balsas against his opponent. Wounds are cauterized on the spot with a red-hot nail. The wives, whose futures depend on the outcome of the contests, are, naturally enough, interested spectators. A woman who wants to stay with her husband, and not be "won" by another, does her best to warn him when to make his vital jump. After the festivities all file home to their villages; some of the participants are crippled or injured and others have changed their marriage partners and have increased the number of their wives. From the latter a man's economic standing in the community is partly judged, so that wives are almost worth their not inconsiderable weight in gold.

JUST AN OLD GUAYMI CUSTOM: HURLING STICKS FOR A NEW WIFE.



THE BATTLE IS ON: THE ATTACKER THROWS THE STICK WITH FULL FORCE AT HIS OPPONENT, WHO HAS HIS BACK TURNED.



A HEAVY STICK FLYING: UNLESS THE OPPONENT JUMPS AT THE RIGHT SECOND HE SUFFERS THE PAINFUL CONSEQUENCES.



WITH THE CONTEST AT ITS HEIGHT: THE OPPOSING MEN FACE EACH OTHER HIGH UP IN THE MOUNTAINS OF THE CHIRIQUI PROVINCE OF PANAMA.



AS THE CHAMPION TAKES HIS STAND: SOME BLASTS ON THE COW-HORN TRUMPET ANNOUNCE THE START OF THE *BALSERIA*.



THE CRITICAL MOMENT: A CONTESTANT LEAPS IN THE AIR AS THE HUGE POLE HURTLES TOWARDS HIS LEGS.

THE SCENE OF INTERNATIONAL ATHLETIC MEETINGS 2700 YEARS AGO: AN ENIGMA SOLVED DURING EXCAVATIONS OF THE ISTHMIAN SITE AT CORINTH.

By OSCAR BRONEER, Professor of Archaeology in the University of Chicago and Field Director of the University of Chicago Isthmian Expedition.

THE University of Chicago expedition resumed its work in the Isthmian sanctuary in 1956, following some exploratory digging in the fall of 1955 (for the campaign of 1954 see *The Illustrated London News* for January 15, 1955). Three major objectives of this year's campaign were: (a) the complete excavation of the ancient dump containing debris from the fire that destroyed the archaic temple of Poseidon early in the fifth century B.C.; (b) the further exploration of the precinct of Poseidon; (c) the discovery of the temple of Palaimon.

Our excavation of the temple dump proved a long and arduous task. In places the fill reached the depth of nearly 20 ft., and much of this was unprofitable digging. The fire that gutted the temple was intense enough to melt bronze objects into shapeless lumps of metal. But many fragments survived, and these are sufficiently valuable to repay our efforts. Before the fire the interior of the temple must have looked like an armoury. We recovered fragments of at least a hundred bronze helmets, many spear points of bronze and iron, pieces of metal trimmings from shields (Fig. 7). Other parts of the hoplites' accoutrements, breast-plates, greaves and ankle guards, are few, or too badly damaged to be recognisable.

A small amount of pottery was mixed with the temple debris. The most important are parts of two Panathenaic amphoras, carrying the usual decorations on the front, the armed Athena flanked by columns supporting cocks. The reverse of the better-preserved amphora shows four runners and a large basket (Fig. 8). The other had a chariot scene on the back. In addition to the usual inscriptions on the front in Attic letters, ΤΟΝ ΑΘΕΝΑΙΟΝ ΑΘΛΟΝ ("one of the prizes from Athens"), one of the amphoras carries an incised inscription in large Corinthian letters: ΔΑΜΟΝ ΑΝΕΘΕΚΕΝ (Damon

dedicated it). The winner of this prize amphora, doubtless a Corinthian athlete, had brought his trophy back to his native city and there dedicated it to the God of the Isthmus.

The season's most important discovery, which came from the ancient dump, is a holy-water basin (*perirrhanterion*) of unusual design and exquisite workmanship. Although much is still missing, it has been possible to restore the group as shown in Fig. 6. The basin itself, cut out of a single piece of marble, measures more than 4 ft. in diameter. Two ornamental handles of the wish-bone type project above the rim and extend down the sides, then turn up again and terminate in a spiral design below the rim. Two smaller lug handles alternate with the larger ones. Four female figures supported the basin, each standing on the back of a recumbent lion and holding its tail in one hand and a leash in the other (Fig. 5). Attached to their heads is a heavy marble ring from the edge of which rams' heads project, alternating with the female figures. Lions, human figures, rams' heads and marble ring—all appear to have been carved out of a single piece of marble of a blue-grey variety. A few fragments were found in the temple during the earlier campaigns, but most of the pieces came from the black destruction fill of the archaic temple. The style of the human figures dates the group in the seventh century B.C.

East of the Temple of Poseidon, at a distance of 28 ft. from the façade, we discovered a foundation, c. 125 ft. long and nearly 6 ft. broad, running parallel to the temple façade. Doubtless, this supported the chief altar of Poseidon in Classical Greek times. Ash and burned animal bones found on both sides of the foundation testify to the purpose of the monument. The altar did not survive into the Roman era. Three roads

with deep wheel-ruts cut diagonally across the foundation, and at least two of these roads were in use before the reorganisation of the precinct in Roman Imperial times. To replace the discarded long altar, another altar was then built farther to the east, of more normal dimensions, 25 by 31 ft. The precinct of Poseidon appears to have been irregular in shape in the pre-Roman era, but only insignificant traces of the surrounding walls of that period have been found. In early Roman times the precinct was comparatively small. In the second century A.D. a priest of Poseidon, by the name of Publius Licinius Priscus Iuventianus, rebuilt many of the buildings in the Isthmian sanctuary. It was probably at his expense that the precinct was enlarged and provided with colonnades

on the east, south and west sides. Apparently his plans called for a colonnade on the north side as well, but the gigantic task of filling the gully up to the required level probably discouraged the donor from completing the plan.

The second most important building of the Isthmia was the Temple of Palaimon. Below the main floor of this building was a crypt alleged to have contained the body of Melikertes-Palaimon, who was drowned as a young boy and carried

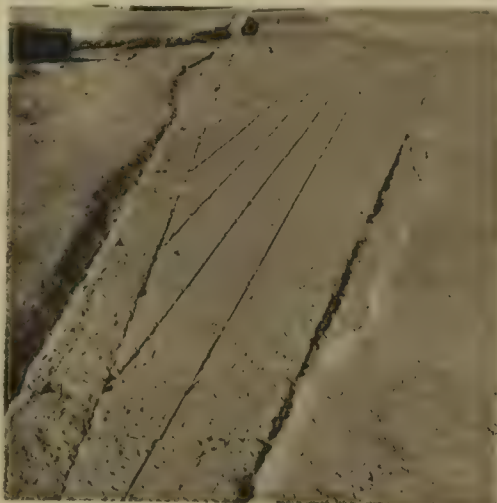


FIG. 1. AN ENIGMA FOUND—AND SOLVED: A TRIANGULAR PAVEMENT IN THE ANCIENT ISTHMIAN STADIUM AT CORINTH, NOW DISCOVERED TO BE A STARTING-GATE FOR FOOT-RACES. SEE ALSO FIG. 2.

The grooved pavement shown—a long right-angled triangle—has been discovered to be one half of a shallow isosceles triangle, the other half lying under a Roman temple building, just discernible. In the centre of this triangle is a pit about 3 ft. deep, in which stood the starter (see Fig. 2). From the pit to the base of the triangle (left) run eight grooves. At both ends of each groove is a bronze staple set in lead. Opposite the eight staples in the base-line of the triangle is a post-hole. The explanation continues under Fig. 2.

by a dolphin to the Isthmus. Sisyphus, King of Corinth and a contemporary of Theseus, found the body on the shore and instituted the Isthmian Games in the boy's honour. Following Pausanias' description of the site, we dug trenches in the south-east corner of the precinct of Poseidon. Our first discovery in this area was very puzzling (Figs. 1 and 2). We came upon a triangular pavement of stone slabs, only 6 ins. thick, and lined at the base with a narrow course of stones nearly twice as thick. At the broad end of the triangle there is a pit cut through the pavement and extending down c. 3 ft. From near the rim of this pit, eight deep grooves extend toward the base line. At either end of the grooves is a bronze staple fastened with lead to the pavement. Before the rest of the area had been excavated, there was much speculation about the significance of these lines. In some instances the length of a line stands in apparently significant relationship to the length of some of the other lines. The mathematical implications seemed limitless. The ends of the grooves along the base of the triangle are evenly spaced 3½ ft. apart, and vertical post-holes extend through the stones to a depth of some 10 ins.



FIG. 2. THE ISTHMIAN STARTING-GATE IN ACTION—A PROBABLE RECONSTRUCTION. SEE ALSO FIG. 1.

In the holes at the base of the triangle posts were erected, each bearing a hinged bar (*balbis*). This bar was held in position by a string which ran through the staple (in the base-line of the triangle), thence to the staple beside the starter's pit; and so the starter would be able to operate each or all of the starting-gates at will. Since the pavement was anciently covered with packed clay, it would appear that the grooves simply served as setting out lines to fix the places of the sixteen staples. The building shown on the left is the foundation of the Roman temple of Palaimon.

After we had cleared the whole area in the spring of 1956, we discovered that the triangle found in the trial trench was only half of a larger triangle more than 60 ft. in length. One end of it extends under a heavy Roman foundation, and with some difficulty we tunnelled through the solid masonry in order to expose the other end of the pavement. This half is less well preserved, but otherwise seems to have been nearly similar to the better-preserved half. Behind the triangle the sloping hillside has been cut back in a wide curve with three steps extending up the slope. At the bottom are two water channels which unite into a single conduit and empty into a large basin at the north-east end of the triangle. Presumably there was a similar basin at the other end, now destroyed by the Roman foundation. The whole pavement, and the surrounding area, was covered over with a layer of hard clay 2 ins. thick. Thus, whatever function the grooves served, they cannot have continued to be used after the clay pavement was laid down. The clue to this mysterious structure came from the discovery of a starting line of a type common in a Greek stadium. The only difference is that here a single groove instead of the usual double groove marks the start of the races. At regular intervals along the groove are vertical post-holes incised in lead. There can be little doubt that the pavement with its grooves and staples served as starting line for the races at an earlier period. The vertical sockets at the base of the triangle would have held upright posts with horizontal bars manipulated with strings from the pit in the centre. Actual experiments using the existing grooves and hooks prove that the bars could be raised and lowered to permit athletes to start their race at desired intervals. These gates, called *balbides* in ancient Greek, may have been used in relay races, like the ancient torch race in Athens. From the north-west side of the race-course, a ramp terminating in a gateway provided formal approach from the area between the altar and the Temple of Poseidon. At a distance of about 75 ft. to the north-east of the racecourse proper we found two long parallel walls of solid construction, which probably served as retaining walls for the embankments of the spectators' stand. The slope was very gentle. A normally constructed

stadium with rising tiers of seats would have obscured the view of the Temple in a way intolerable to the taste of the Greeks. Nevertheless, the stadium encroached upon the precinct of Poseidon and would have interfered with the movement of the crowds during celebrations. This was probably the reason that the site was abandoned and a new stadium constructed in a gully, some 250 yards to the south-east. It was probably this stadium to which St. Paul refers in the eighth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. A century later Pausanias saw and described the same building. In a manhole to a water channel at the west end of the precinct of Poseidon we found a complete jumping weight of stone, weighing about 4 lb. and measuring 7½ ins. in length (Fig. 3). Weights of this kind, called *halteres*, are frequently pictured in athletic scenes on Greek vases of the fifth century B.C. The area occupied by the earlier stadium became part of the precincts of Poseidon and Palaimon, and the ground-level was raised to a height

of some 3 ft. above the level of the racecourse. The Roman foundation which covers part of the triangular *poros* pavement we may with great probability identify as the Palaimonion of Roman Imperial times. This agrees with Pausanias' remark that the temple was situated within the precinct of Poseidon to the left of the main entrance. It was customary to descend into the crypt to take oaths in the name of the god, and anyone found guilty of perjury could in no way escape punishment. The Roman foundation preserves a passage some 6 ft. below the floor-level of the building. Only the east end of the foundation has been excavated; the rest lies hidden beneath a private garden. Proof for the identification of the building as the Palaimonion came not only from Pausanias' description, but also from a large number of lamps found at various levels of the area. Many of them belong to a type otherwise unknown in Greece (Fig. 4).

[Continued opposite:]

ATHLETIC PRIZES, EQUIPMENT, AND A HOLY-WATER FONT FROM CORINTH.

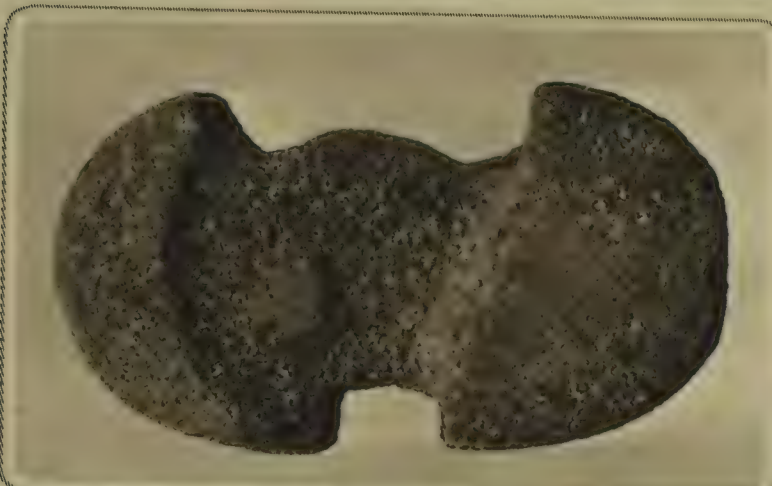


FIG. 3. A JUMPING WEIGHT (HALTER) FOR THE LEFT HAND, OF DARK GREY STONE, WEIGHING ABOUT 4 LB. THESE WERE USED IN LONG-JUMPING TO GAIN IMPETUS AT THE MOMENT OF LANDING.

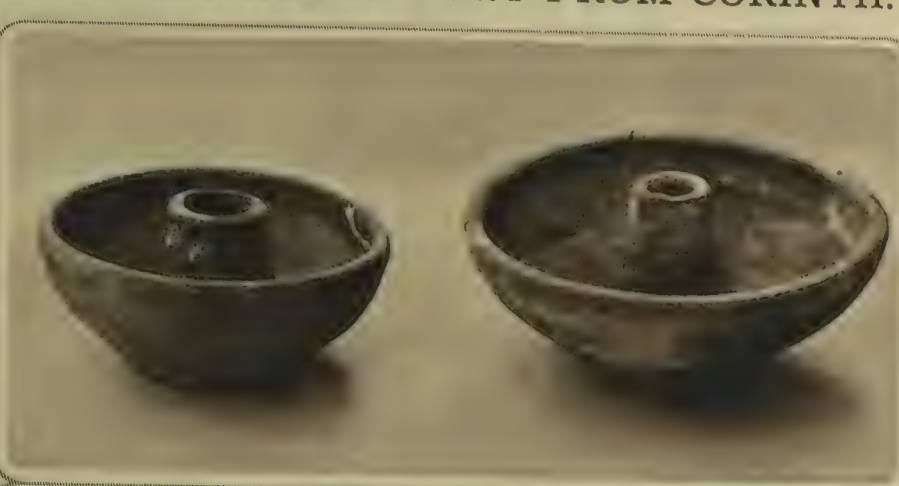


FIG. 4. LAMPS FROM THE SACRIFICIAL PIT NEAR THE PALAIMONION. SINCE THEY ARE LARGE AND HAVE NO HANDLES, THEY ARE THOUGHT TO HAVE BEEN CULT LAMPS.



Above.)
FIG. 5. A FIGURE OF A GIRL AND TWO RAMS' HEADS, IN BLUE-GREY MARBLE, OF THE 7th CENTURY B.C. PART OF THE HOLY-WATER FONT (FIG. 6.)



FIG. 6. THE HOLY-WATER FONT (PERIRRHANTERION) AS RECONSTRUCTED. EACH CARYATID STOOD ON A LION, A LEASH IN THE LEFT HAND, THE TAIL IN THE RIGHT.



FIG. 7. FROM THE DEBRIS PIT OF THE ARCHAIC TEMPLE: A BRONZE SHIELD STRAP OF THE LATE SIXTH CENTURY, SHOWING TWO LIONS AND A FROG.

Continued from opposite page.]
From the centre of a circular bowl, c. 7 ins. in diameter, a socket rises vertically to hold the wick. A slit on one side of the socket permitted the oil to flow from the container to the wick. These lamps, which have no handles, are too large to be conveniently carried about. They were doubtless cult lamps, set out on the ground or on temporary stands in the area where the nightly ceremonies took place. A number of smaller, portable lamps of common types were scattered about among the cult vessels. All are dated in the first century after Christ. In

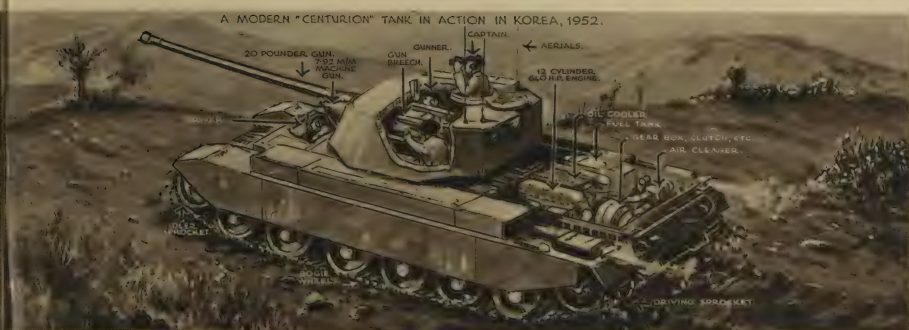
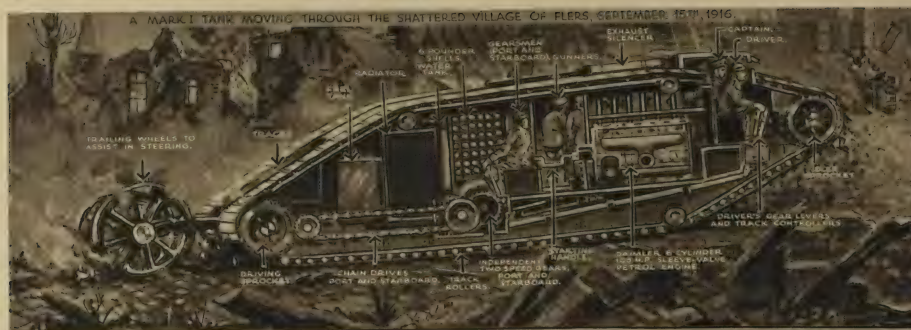
[Continued below, left.]



FIG. 8. ONE OF THE TWO PANATHENAIC AMPHORAS DISCOVERED THIS SEASON, RESTORED. IT SHOWS A GROUP OF RUNNERS WITH (RIGHT) A STANDING BASKET.

Continued.]
a trial pit a few yards to the east of the temple we discovered the basement of a building which had been used for sacrifices. The room was filled to a height of 2½ ft. with ash and burned animal bones, and mixed with this débris were 43 cult lamps, resembling those found in front of the temple, but of smaller size and poorer workmanship. The fill contained also fragments of 650 small, one-handled beakers of coarse, undecorated fabric, and a large relief lamp 7 ins. in diameter, made by the Corinthian lamp-maker Secundus in the second century after Christ. The rim of the lamp is decorated with a vine pattern, and on the discus is a relief with the figure of Cybele seated on a throne flanked by lions. In front of the goddess her male companion, Attis, reclines in the shade of a tree. This lamp, with its allusions to the celebrated mysteries of the Asiatic deities,

was a fitting offering in the Isthmian mystery cult. The basement, which doubtless had some connection with the Temple of Palaimon, was not merely a depository for ash and débris from a sacrificial area. The stones in the walls had crumbled from intense heat, showing that the fire had burned within the building. Although our search for the Palaimonion was successful, we must still look for the temple of the earlier period. None of the significant objects found in the vicinity of the temple can be dated earlier than the time of Augustus. Yet the cult of Palaimon played a major rôle in the religious ceremonies at Isthmia, since very early times, and the mysteries connected with his worship form an important chapter in the history of Greek religion. The discovery of the early cult house will be a major objective in our next Isthmian campaign.



FORTY YEARS ON: THE STORY OF THE EVOLUTION OF BRITISH TANKS SINCE SEPTEMBER

At 11 a.m. on Sunday, September 16, a service is to be held at St. Peter's-upon-Cornhill, London, to commemorate the first occasion in which tanks went into action. It will also be in honour of the crews, the designers and builders of the first tanks. It was on September 15, 1916, that a formation of Tanks Mark I, which until then had been a closely guarded British military secret, rolled into action on the Somme. The history of tanks and their crews is illustrated in the collection at the R.A.C. Tank Museum, which is open to the public, at Bovington, Dorset, and also in the Museum's informative

Guide. The early Mark I tanks, which became famous at Flers, were of two types, namely, "male," which were armed with two 40-calibre Hotchkiss guns and four light Vickers, and "female," which had one Hotchkiss machine-gun and four light Vickers machine-guns. The steering tail-wheels of the Mark I tanks were removed in later Marks as they proved to be cumbersome and very vulnerable to shell-fire. The usual method of steering these early monsters was to lock the differential and to select neutral in the secondary gear-box on the opposite side to which it was desired to turn, the secondary

gear on the opposite side remaining engaged in "high" or "low" ratio. By applying the track brake on the neutral side an even sharper turn could be made. When he desired to turn, the driver conveyed his instructions to the two gearmen, sitting on either side of the tank and towards the rear end, first by banging on the engine cover to attract their attention and then indicating which gear was to be used by holding up one or two fingers. Two fingers pointing down signified "engage neutral." These old tanks carried a crew of eight men. There was the captain, who also worked the brake levers,

the driver, the two gearmen, and finally the two gunners and two loaders. The six-pounder gun seems at first to have been a favourite for main armament, but the two-pounder later became the selected armament for many years. Then came the long-barrelled weapons which are now a feature of all modern tanks, and also the return of the six-pounder, right up to the 120-mm. gun mounted in the *Conqueror*. By introducing the tank, now part of the standard equipment of all armies, we revolutionised war on land, just as by introducing the Dreadnought type of all-big-gun battleship we entirely altered naval tactics.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, with official co-operation



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



HEDGEHOG JUNIOR IN FANTASTIC DISPLAY.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

To this end, I placed my hand on the table, palm uppermost, whereupon the young hedgehog climbed on and settled itself. Some film shots were taken, with intervals between for the subject to wander around inspecting the table. Then came the moment when it walked towards my hand, as if to climb on as before, but instead of doing so it

started to lick my finger. It did this for a full half-minute, while foamy saliva could be seen accumulating in its mouth. This was an exciting moment, for it looked as if we were at last actually to see the self-anointing. Finally, in a leisurely, seemingly luxuriating manner, the young hedgehog raised its head, at the same time stretching up the full length of its forelegs. Then the head was swung round towards its right flank and at the same time its hindquarters were twisted to meet the advancing mouth. The tongue came out, and with a quick movement of it, a fleck of foam was deposited on a spine. Several spines were anointed in this way, after which the baby hedgehog resumed a normal attitude and started again to lick my finger. This continued for about a minute, after which flecks of foam were placed on the spines of the other flank.

There is little more to say about this behaviour, which is more fantastic to behold than would appear from the written description. This attractive little pet obliged us with repeat performances on a number of occasions, as a result of which successful film sequences were obtained. On the other hand, attempts to take still photographs were repeatedly frustrated. Either the animal would, having licked its fill, wander off out of focus and finish the anointing before the camera could be brought into range, or, in the anointing, it would behave as if in an ecstasy and topple over on one side, thus tumbling out of range of the waiting camera.

I tried it with a variety of substances such as Conrad Herter had used, but nothing would stimulate the hedgehog to self-anointing except my fingers. On one occasion I was gardening when my daughter told me that she was about to start filming. With my hands soiled with earth I took my place at the table and extended my palm. The hedgehog still licked my fingers and anointed itself. As a mere matter of testing, I then went indoors and washed. This time, although my hands reeked of the smell of soap, the self-anointing process was carried out as before.

To use a phrase that occurs with monotonous regularity in scientific treatises to-day, investigations are proceeding. Meanwhile, the observations recounted here move me to satirical comment. There is a very ancient belief that hedgehogs will impale apples or other fruits on their spines. The circumstantial evidence for believing this to be true is very strong. That is, a large number of people have claimed to have witnessed it, and, indeed, I possess a well-filled dossier including letters from those who have written to me describing what they have seen. Scientifically, the idea is unacceptable, however, and the arguments against accepting it are, chiefly, the following three: that no trained observer has witnessed it; that there could be no purpose served by the habit; and that the very idea is fantastic. Self-anointing could be dismissed on like grounds. Apart from Conrad Herter and a very few Continental scientists, no reliable observer has witnessed it. Self-anointing also serves no obvious purpose; and, finally, it is too fantastic for words. Yet it can happen. More significant, of the two youngsters from the same litter, one has performed repeatedly. As for its brother (or sister) nothing we have done so far has induced it to perform.

It is a year ago now that I first read Conrad Herter's account of that extraordinary behaviour of hedgehogs, which he named *selbstbespucken*. His monograph containing the description was published twenty years ago, yet so far as I am aware the only description of it in the English literature was the mention I made of it on this page (October 29, 1955). Then I suggested an equivalent of the German word. Since this does not readily translate, I used the term "self-anointing." Before returning to the process itself, I would like to stress this extraordinary fact of its almost total absence from the English scientific or popular scientific works. Coupled with this is another extraordinary thing, that none of the many zoologists to whom I have mentioned it, during the interval since September last, was aware of this habit of the hedgehog.

Briefly, the process of self-anointing, as described by Herter, consisted in the hedgehog licking a substance, the while a foamy saliva accumulated in its mouth. Then, after a period of this licking, the animal would throw itself into unusual contortions to place flecks of the saliva on to its spines, first on one side of the body, then on the other. The substances known to stimulate the action were cigar-ends, a cigarette packet, a handkerchief, the skin of a toad, the binding of a book, and so on. Having learned about it, I was determined to see it for myself. It so happened that a week or so later two hedgehogs had been brought to us to care for, but these were adult and not easy to tame. In fact, although we fed them regularly they did not lose the habit of sheltering behind their spines when approached.

Early this year, we let it be known as widely as possible that if anyone found young hedgehogs in need of a home we should be glad to take care of them. One who heard of our request was our good friend, Mrs. Fullbrook, who has a natural flair for turning up at the right time with the right object. Thus, it transpired, we saw her coming up the drive carrying a large carton with straw protruding from its top. It took no great skill to guess at the contents of the carton. Apart from other clues, the expression on Mrs. Fullbrook's face told its own story. It seems that the hedgehog's nest had been accidentally wrecked by an agricultural machine, and the homeless family had been retrieved. As a result an adult female and two very young hedgehogs were now on our doorstep. Once they were adequately housed, and allowed to become settled in new quarters, my daughter started to make a film record of the growth and behaviour of the growing youngsters. The plan was to take film shots of them every two days. The first pictures were taken a few days after their arrival. The whole family was brought out in the evening. Mother was nonchalant and soon settled to sleep again, occasionally rousing herself and taking a walk around the makeshift studio. Of the two youngsters, neither of which was yet able to roll up in traditional fashion, one was much the more forthcoming. It not only submitted readily to being handled, but seemed to invite it. In fact, it was so active that the only practical way of photographing it was to hold it on my hand resting on a table level with the lens of the camera. Having it in my hand would ensure also that it remained in correct focus.



THE PRELIMINARY TO THE PROCESS WHICH IS KNOWN AS "SELF-ANOINTING": THE YOUNG HEDGEHOG LICKING DR. BURTON'S OUT-STRETCHED FINGERS AS ITS MOUTH BEGINS TO FILL WITH FOAMY SALIVA.



THE SECOND STAGE OF THE "SELF-ANOINTING" PHENOMENON: WITH FORELEGS OUT-STRETCHED, THE YOUNG HEDGEHOG TURNS ITS HEAD ROUND AS IT STARTS ANOINTING ITS BODY WITH FLECKS OF THE FOAMY SALIVA.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK:

PEOPLE AND OCCASIONS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



FORMER ENGINEER-IN-CHIEF OF THE FLEET DIES: SIR R. SKELTON.
Engineer Vice-Admiral Sir Reginald Skelton, K.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., who was Engineer-in-Chief of the Fleet from 1928 to 1932, died at the age of eighty-four on September 5. He superintended the building of Scott's ship, *Discovery*, and accompanied the explorer in the Antarctic.



A MISSIONARY IN SOUTH AFRICA: THE LATE MISS ATTLEE.
Miss Mary Attlee, a sister of Lord Attlee, who was for nearly forty years a missionary in South Africa, died in a nursing home on September 6 at the age of eighty-one. She did much social work, establishing a welfare centre and helping to form an anti-colour-bar organisation.



BREAKING THE 3000 METRES RECORD: GORDON PIRIE FINISHING HIS GREAT RACE AT MALMÖ.
On September 4, D. A. G. Pirie, who had joined the Achilles touring team in Sweden, set up a new world record for the 3000 metres when he covered the distance in 7 mins. 52.8 secs. at Malmö, in Sweden. The field included the Hungarian Iharos (who came third), with whom Pirie shared the previous record of 7 mins. 55.6 secs.



A LOSS TO ARCHÆOLOGY: THE LATE MR. MICHAEL VENTRIS.
Mr. Michael Ventris was killed in a motor accident on Sept. 6; and a brilliant career in archæology and architecture was cut short at the age of 34. He was educated at Stowe. Working with Mr. John Chadwick and others, he succeeded in deciphering the baffling Minoan Linear B script.



A GREAT SOCIAL WORKER: THE LATE SIR WYNDHAM DEEDES.
Brig.-General Sir Wyndham Deedes, C.M.G., died in a London hospital on Sept. 3 at the age of seventy-three. After a distinguished career in the Army, he retired in 1922 and devoted himself to social work, living in the East End. He was elected to the London County Council in 1941.



(Left.) TO BECOME SERJEANT-AT-ARMS: MAJOR-GENERAL IVOR HUGHES.
Major-General Ivor Hughes is to succeed Brigadier Sir Charles Howard as Serjeant-at-Arms in the House of Commons when the latter retires towards the end of this year, it was announced on September 4. He served in the First World War, and did military liaison work in enemy-occupied territory during the last war.



AN "AGONISING DECISION": MR. MOHAMAD ALI'S RESIGNATION AS PRIME MINISTER OF PAKISTAN.
On September 8, Mr. Mohamad Ali announced that he had resigned as Prime Minister of Pakistan and also his membership of the Muslim League. His resignation has been caused by weaknesses in the developing party system. It is generally hoped that Pakistan will not finally lose the services of Mr. Mohamad Ali, who is a most capable administrator. He described his decision as an agonising one.

(Right.) A WELL-KNOWN LONDON EDITOR: MR. J. C. PROUD-FOOT.
Mr. J. C. Proudfoot, who was London editor of the *Glasgow Herald* until his retirement in 1947, has died in London at the age of 75, it was reported on Sept. 4. He first joined the City staff of the *Glasgow Herald*, having already worked in a stockbroker's office. He later became City editor in London, becoming London editor in 1937.



(Left.) AN AMERICAN JOCKEY'S RECORD: MR. J. LONGDEN.
On September 3 the Yorkshire-born American jockey, Johnny Longden, broke Sir Gordon Richards' record of 4870 victories when he won the Del Mar Handicap at San Diego, California. He is forty-six. In America, racing continues all the year, and Longden's annual average total of mounts was well above the averages which were usual for Sir Gordon.

(Right.) TO RETIRE: SIR C. HOWARD, SERJEANT-AT-ARMS.
Brigadier Sir Charles Howard, who is 78 and who has been Serjeant-at-Arms in the House of Commons for nearly twenty-one years, is to retire towards the end of this year, it was announced on Sept. 4. Sir Charles Howard had a distinguished career in the Army, serving in India, the South African War and the First World War. He was educated at Eton and Sandhurst.



A GREAT SPORTSMAN AND PERSONALITY DIES: C. B. FRY.
C. B. Fry died in London at the age of 84 on September 7. He was an outstanding athlete, being at Oxford a triple Blue, and captain of cricket and Association football, and president of the athletic club simultaneously. In later life he was an active journalist and great conversationalist. For forty years he devoted himself to directing the naval training ship *Mercury*.



"SCIENCE, BY THE UPPER FORM": TWO PAPERS READ BY YOUNG STUDENTS AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.
On September 4, at the annual meeting of the British Association, held this year at Sheffield, Kenneth Hughes, aged sixteen, and recently of Chesterfield Tipton House School, read a paper on his observations on three different kinds of finches. Miss Anne Bunting, aged nineteen, and of Thorne Grammar School, spoke on her studies of the history and habits of the large American cockroach, criticising some of the existing textbooks on the subject. An opportunity is given to students to read papers to the Association at the end of their meeting each year. The general title of these papers is "Science, by the upper form."



AN EMINENT PHOTOGRAPHER DIES: "BARON" (MR. S. NAHUM).
"Baron" (Mr. S. H. Nahum), the well-known photographer, died suddenly in a London hospital on September 5 at the age of forty-nine. It was not until 1935 that he began to make a career as a photographer. He was official photographer for the Queen's Coronation, made numerous portraits of the Royal family and was a photographer with the Army during the war.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

STRANGE CIRCLES.

By J. C. TREWIN.

HAVING been bred in a county that is mildly proud of the Devil, and has tacked his name to a variety of natural features—rocks, hedges, and so forth, and even his own Frying-Pan—I have always been glad to meet him on the stage. Unlike those of my colleagues who complain of "Under Milk Wood" in the theatre because its characters do not fit their imagined ones, I have never been particularly put out by any new shape the Devil assumes. If horns and a tail are preferred, then very well. But I am just as ready to accept some darkly brooding spirit, looking (shall we say?) as Martin-Harvey did according to his fine portrait in "Armageddon" long ago.

As for the Devil's correct name, and for the precise constitution of Hell, I must leave these to advanced students. We do not often reach Hell itself in the theatre, though we did see it as a

puzzled when McCrimmon, against his will, is pulled at first into transient alliance with the beaming, mischievous midnight visitor, well pleased with the fire, the whisky, the good company, the excellent talk. It is in Bolfrý's later sermon that the play, as it did thirteen years ago, wavers a bit: Mr. Sim, for all his relish, cannot prevent this from lagging. The final scene (on the morning after) is there principally for Mrs. McCrimmon's pleasantly Scottish matter-of-factness (she must always be acted by Sophie Stewart), and for the moment when Mr. Bolfrý—from wherever he happens to be, and we can only guess—recalls his umbrella, and it stalks, as of its own will, through the manse door. Although the play dwindles, it is still, for most of its journey, a wise, cheerful caprice, the kind of idiosyncratic comedy expected from its author.

I prefer "Mr. Bolfrý" to the more ambitious and involved morality, "The Baikie Chari-vari," which I mentioned last week after meeting it at Edinburgh. True, the play, from Bridie's sunset, grows on acquaintance with the text. But, at first hearing, it can confuse. We have to realise, for example, that there is a traditional connection between Punch and the Roman proconsul,

it turns to a debating session it is clearly a debate of substance.

The De'il, though his influence is pervasive (for he has ordered the affliction of Pounce-Pellott), is not often visible; but, as a face in the moon, as a figure in Pounce-Pellott's dream, and in a strangely haunting close, he pins the imagination: Jack Ronder, who directed the play for Edinburgh University Dramatic Society, acted him with zest.

Opinion of Bertolt Brecht, whose plays are at the Palace in a Berliner Ensemble season, varies between fantastic praise and equally fantastic dispraise. Personally, I do not regard Brecht, from East Berlin, as either the salvation of the theatre or its evil genius. He was simply a capable propagandist with a sense of the stage, and an unfortunate theory (of "estrangement" or "alienation"), that has bedevilled much comment on this season. Two of the plays, "Mother Courage" (of which I wrote last week) and "The Caucasian Chalk Circle," are his; a third, "Trumpets and Drums," not expressly attributed to him, is a version of Farquhar's Queen Anne comedy, "The Recruiting Officer," awkwardly dressed up as propaganda and put forward in time seventy years to the American War of Independence so that Britain can be mocked. It is acted flamboyantly, though we can recall an agreeable scene on what Shakespeare called "the gentle Severn's sedgy bank"; and Regine Lutz, as the disguised Victoria (her name is Silvia in the original), hurtles through her part with contagious goodwill.

This is an unimportant production. "The Caucasian Chalk Circle" (which I saw done by John Fernald and his students at R.A.D.A. not



"ONCE MORE MR. BOLFRÝ . . . LOWERS HIS UMBRELLA AS HE STEPS—IN PROPER MINISTERIAL BLACK—INTO THE PARLOUR OF A WEST HIGHLAND MANSE": "MR. BOLFRÝ" (ALDWYCH), SHOWING ALASTAIR SIM IN THE TITLE-ROLE AND (L. TO R.) CULLY (OWEN HOLDER), JOAN (EILEEN MOORE), COHEN (GEORGE COLE) AND MORAG (ANNETTE CROSBIE).

well-furnished club in a play by Ronald Duncan a few months ago; and in "Huis Clos" ("Vicious Circle" in an English version) Sartre was at agonising pains to describe one of its rooms: a windowless, tarnished place, furnished with three exquisitely uncomfortable Second Empire sofas, red, spinach-green, and electric-blue, a paper-knife, and a deplorable mantelshelf bronze.

James Bridie did not take us to Hell, but he had a passion for the Devil. It was never expressed with more wit than in that theological dispute of "Mr. Bolfrý," now revived: midnight in a West Highland manse, with the minister, McCrimmon, thinking—good, honest man—that it is all a trying dream, and Bolfrý (in Calvinist black) studying the assembly with the mischievous gaze of Alastair Sim. At least, he is Alastair Sim at the Aldwych, where the play is now, I feel, outmatching its previous performance in 1943.

The midnight scene is a little dizzying to observe at first, because (to some of us) Mr. Sim appears to be both within and without the chalk circle that these devil-raisers have traced on the floor. He used to act McCrimmon himself. Thus it is strange to find those elfin glances, that gleaming brow, and the voice that holds the *roucoulement* of a ringdove, all devoted to the service of Bolfrý—a Ducal devil who has come, with umbrella, on an exceptionally wet night to explain that we cannot conceive the Universe except as a pattern of reciprocating opposites.

Still, we are soon used to the change. After all, Duncan Macrae, one of Scotland's most-loved actors, has established himself, before Mr. Sim's arrival, as the lean, earnest, desperately grave minister, far from happy about his argumentative niece from London, and the two soldiers billeted upon him. These three have raised the Devil according to the correct forms. All are a trifle

Pontius Pilate (legend says he was born at Forthingall, in Perthshire). The principal character in "The Baikie Chari-vari"—it is set in a little town on the Clyde—is a modern Everyman seeking for truth, a retired British Colonial administrator called Pounce-Pellott (a Forthingall man). He figures in a Bridie version of the best-known variation of the Punch story, complete with the twists that summon wife, baby, beadle, doctor, clown, Jim Crow, Jack Ketch, the Devil, and so forth. Programme notes are useful, but a play should do without them. It is unfortunate that Bridie was so wilful: there is a good deal of wit and rhetorical force in the play, and when



"THE KIND OF IDIOSYNCRATIC COMEDY EXPECTED FROM ITS AUTHOR": THE LATE JAMES BRIDIE'S PLAY "MR. BOLFRÝ" SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH THE MINISTER IS RESTRAINED FROM ATTACKING MR. BOLFRÝ. (L. TO R.) CULLY (OWEN HOLDER), COHEN (GEORGE COLE), MR. MCCRIMMON (DUNCAN MACRAE) AND MR. BOLFRÝ (ALASTAIR SIM).

long ago), is richer theatrically, even though, no doubt, I should not have felt romantic sympathy with the kitchenmaid who saves the Royal child. Nevertheless I did, a confession that convicts me (and possibly the actress, Angelika Hurwicz) of Brechtian heresy. I can bear the charge. To sit frigidly detached seems to me to be the negation of true playgoing. Acting in "The Caucasian Chalk Circle" is shrewdly judged as a rule; I shall not forget that intensely comic scene at a peasant funeral, "corpse" intervening.

I have enjoyed much of the playing during this visit (even if some of that in "Trumpets and Drums" crosses the frontiers of extravagance), and the Ensemble's décor is both simple and subtle. But I am not persuaded that Bertolt Brecht was more than a competent writer, with an intractable theory to sustain, and a loyal cast—we cannot fail to acknowledge him as a director—to interpret his work. The coteries have his memory at their heart. Nothing I have seen or heard of him so far (and I add, from elsewhere, "The Good Woman of Setzuan" and "Puntilla"), takes me to more than the perimeter of the outer circle.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"TRUMPETS AND DRUMS" (Palace).—An anonymous German version of George Farquhar's comedy, put forward (clumsily) to the American War of Independence, and acted with extravagant spirit by the Berliner Ensemble: the best performances are by Regine Lutz and a Severn swan with a flexible neck. (August 29.)

"MR. BOLFRÝ" (Aldwych).—Once more Mr. Bolfrý, from the infernal regions, lowers his umbrella as he steps—in proper ministerial black—into the parlour of a West Highland manse and looks about him appreciatively. This wise and witty venture in devil-raising is among the late James Bridie's best work, and the revival—in which Alastair Sim now appears as Bolfrý, and Duncan Macrae, the fine Scottish actor, is McCrimmon—is better cast than the original production during 1943. (August 30.)

"THE CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE" (Palace).—This parable-play, in spite of its difficult construction, is possibly Brecht's most human work, though I am not sure if that will be regarded as a compliment. It can be touching and (in a peasant scene the Marx Brothers might have applauded) really comic, and we need not worry about the propaganda. Angelika Hurwicz, the kitchenmaid-foster-mother, is a persuasive artist. (August 31.)

AN EXPLOSION WITHOUT CASUALTIES: A COURAGEOUS PIECE OF FILM- MAKING FOR A SCENE IN "THE PRIDE AND THE PASSION."

(Right.) AS FRENCH TROOPS CROSS THE BRIDGE, IT BLOWS UP IN FRONT OF THEM: THE OPENING OF A SPECTACULAR SCENE IN "THE PRIDE AND THE PASSION," BEING FILMED IN SPAIN.



PIECES OF THE PONTOON BRIDGE SOAR HIGH INTO THE AIR AS THE CAREFULLY PLANNED EXPLOSION REACHES ITS CLIMAX. THERE WERE NO CASUALTIES IN THIS REMARKABLE PIECE OF FILM-MAKING.



THE SMOKE DISPERSES TO REVEAL THE GROUPS OF FRENCH TROOPS CROUCHING IN THEIR PRE-ARRANGED POSITIONS ON THE SINKING PONTOON BRIDGE.

IN our issue of September 8 we illustrated another striking episode in the making in Spain of "The Pride and the Passion," the film adapted from an incident in Mr. C. S. Forester's novel "The Gun." The producer-director, Mr. Stanley Kramer, has spared no pains in achieving realism in this exciting film. In this scene the group of extras who had played the rôles of the guerrilleros changed sides—and costumes—to play the parts of the French officers and men crossing a pontoon bridge which would explode under them. The scene—which took four minutes to film—was carefully rehearsed so that all the men would know exactly what to do when the various charges under the bridge were exploded. As soon as all the men, animals and vehicles were on the bridge the first charge was exploded and was quickly followed by two further explosions. Though debris flew high into the air no man or animal was injured and Mr. Kramer had successfully achieved a most realistic rendering of this very dangerous scene.

Photographs by Ken Danvers,
United Artists.



THE PRODUCER HAS ORDERED "CUT" AND RESCUE OPERATIONS ARE PUT IN HAND: THE SUCCESSFUL CONCLUSION OF A TRICKY PIECE OF FILM-MAKING BY AN AMERICAN COMPANY ON A PEACEFUL RIVER IN CASTILE.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. SLIPWARE AND TIN-ENAMEL.

By FRANK DAVIS.



THE late Mr. G. F. Glenny was a notable collector of English so-called Delft—that is, tin-enamelled ware, the technique of which spread—to cut a long story short—from the Islamic lands to Spain, from Spain to Italy, thence to Holland and so to us. He did not stray beyond the realm of large dishes, more usually described as chargers—a word which, to most of us, has a fine resonant ring conjuring up the daughter of Herodias marching in with the head of John the Baptist—and in this comparatively narrow field he built up a collection second to none.

Years ago he caught sight of the charger of Fig. 1 in a London shop window; he went inside, was asked £20, offered £15 and compromised at £17 10s. He then traced its history, for the subject was very much out of the ordinary, and the various flags presumably had a special meaning. As is well known, both Charles II and his brother James were fond of ships—indeed, the latter might have fared better in the history books had he remained as admiral and never succeeded to the throne. In 1660, at the Restoration, the Dutch Government presented Charles with a yacht called the *Mary*, and Samuel Pepys made this note in his diary for August 15 of that year. He went to Whitehall and found "the King gone this morning by 5 of the clock to see a Dutch pleasure boat below bridge." Other yachts were later built from this model, and there is a record of the king and his brother taking part in a race from Greenwich

to Gravesend and back. On the dish the ship is flying the Union Jack of that period, the Red Ensign, the flag of the Netherlands at the masthead, the St. George's Cross and the Lord High Admiral's pennant to show that his Majesty was aboard; this is, in short, the famous *Mary*. The initials W. H. A. remain a problem, but the yacht's commander was a Captain Willoughby Hanham, and it is suggested, therefore, that the charger may commemorate his marriage to A in 1668. At a recent Sotheby sale this unique charger fetched the enormous sum of £1550.

Fortunately for the great majority of us these English Delft chargers are not excessively rare—though rare enough to add zest to the pursuit—and one does not have to think in thousands of pounds—not even in hundreds. Their decoration is remarkably varied—flowers and fruits, oak-leaves, tulips, and then figure subjects; very

rarely religious subjects—there is a famous Nativity charger in the Glenny Collection which came up for sale later in the summer—amusing Adam and Eve chargers and a series of Royal portraits of which Fig. 2 is a good example. They are all of them more remarkable for vigour than for finesse, but they are uncommonly attractive partly because of their naivety, but mainly on account of their soft blues, greens, manganese and yellows. Sometimes—indeed often—the portraits come near to caricature in modern eyes, but there is no doubt the intention was serious enough—this Fig. 2 was a Coronation souvenir, King William, sceptred, orbed and crowned, looking becomingly regal (though it must be confessed he might be handing the Queen an apple instead of holding the orb)—the Queen with a fan in her left hand and

these dishes worked in wet clay, either painting it on with a brush or trailing it from a quill as one trails sugar on a cake. The St. George and the Dragon dish looks at first sight not unlike a fourteenth- or fifteenth-century tile—that is, in the photograph, for it is not, of course, smooth—and its vaguely heraldic appearance is probably due to its having been inspired by some inn-sign. It is signed S. M., that is probably, Samuel Malkin, of Burslem, who died in 1741. It will be obvious that whereas the painter on tin-enamelled ware, using his various colours, was able to indicate trees, for example, by delicate little dabs of his brush as on the William and Mary charger of Fig. 2, the slipware potter, using a more cumbersome method, could make no attempt at shading—his only resource lay in the ingenuity of his

pattern and the decisiveness of his outlines, and in this respect the Adam and Eve of Fig. 3 ranks high. The panel at the foot of the tree (not legible in the photograph) is inscribed with a text from Corinthians "The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the lawe"—that is, this rare charger was not made to amuse but to edify a simple rustic population—a circumstance which perhaps serves to remind us of the great gulf which exists between our crude but pious ancestors and our flippant selves.

Vast quantities of useful wares, both in Delft and in this slipware, must have been made, the great majority of which have succumbed to the ordinary hazards of day-to-day washing-up. The little that has survived is largely composed of dishes such as these, which were not in normal use but were family treasures only brought out on special occasions. Both types of pottery continued to be made until well into the eighteenth century. Delft at Bristol and Liverpool until

the 1760's and slipware in Staffordshire until about 1750. Neither stand up to hot water with any great success and the glaze easily chips away. The former, by its very nature, lent itself readily in skilled hands to more sophisticated decoration than is seen in these two examples (Figs. 1 and 2), and many of the later pieces, no less than their Dutch cousins, can vie in quality of painting, though not, of course, in "body" or glaze, with the porcelain they imitated—and indeed it is possible to recognise in the painting of some of the Bristol wares the same hand as on certain pieces of Worcester porcelain. Slipware of necessity remained decidedly rough-and-ready, and the Staffordshire answer to the demand for a more comely and practical tableware was at first salt glaze, until finally the modern industry (beginning with the great Wedgwood), with its bone china and porcelain, swept all the old techniques off the market.



FIG. 1. A FAMOUS PIECE FROM THE GLENNY COLLECTION OF ENGLISH DELFT CHARGERS: "THE CHARLES II ROYAL YACHT CHARGER," WHICH FETCHED £1550 AT SOTHEBY'S IN MAY. (Diameter; 16½ ins.)



FIG. 2. "MORE REMARKABLE FOR VIGOUR THAN FOR FINESSE": A WILLIAM AND MARY BLUE DASH DELFT CHARGER WITH AMUSING PORTRAITS OF THE KING AND QUEEN. (Diameter; 13½ ins.) (Sotheby's.)



FIG. 3. A RARE STAFFORDSHIRE SLIPWARE ADAM AND EVE CHARGER: THE INSCRIPTION AT THE FOOT OF THE TREE READS "THE STING OF DEATH IS SIN; AND THE STRENGTH OF SIN IS THE LAWE 1; OF CORINTHINS. 15. AND THE 56; VERS." (Diameter; 17½ ins.) (Sotheby's.)



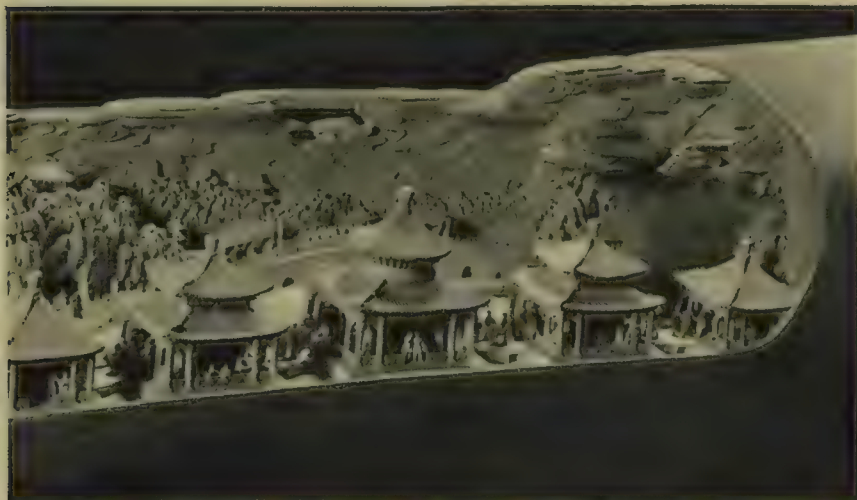
FIG. 4. MADE BY SAMUEL MALKIN AND SIGNED WITH HIS INITIALS: A ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON STAFFORDSHIRE SLIPWARE DISH. THE PIECES ILLUSTRATED HERE ARE DESCRIBED BY FRANK DAVIS IN HIS ARTICLE. (Diameter; 14 ins.) (Sotheby's.)

with the crown tilted rakishly on the back of her head. Whether these somewhat barbarous but lovable seventeenth-century dishes owed any real debt to the highly sophisticated maiolica painters in Italy is more than doubtful; one small decorative detail does seem to have come from the peninsula—that is, the blue dash decoration round the edge from which they get their name.

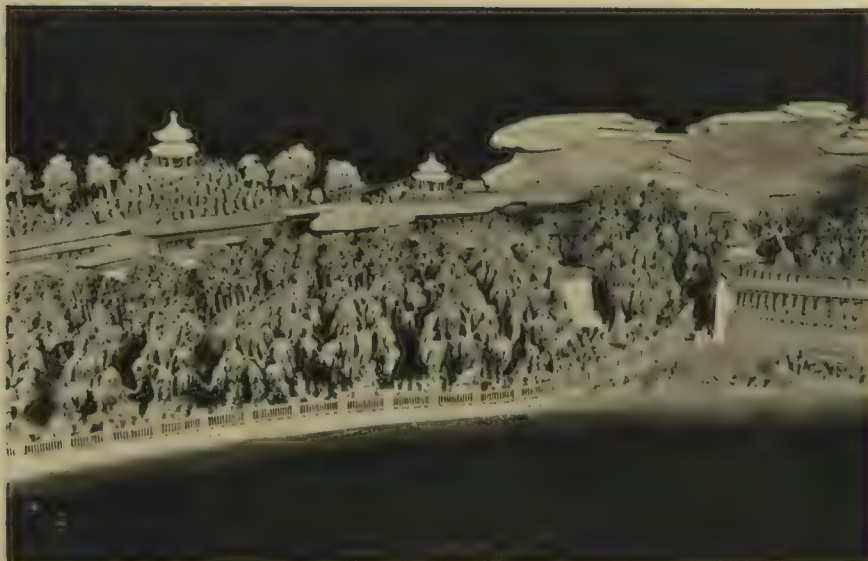
Akin to the softly-coloured tin-enamelled wares in rustic naivety but wholly different in technique are the slipware examples of Figs. 3 and 4—Adam and Eve and St. George and the Dragon. They are both very lively performances, and before you write them off as merely childish make this experiment—take a pen and see whether you can produce anything with so great a feeling for pattern and movement. Unless you are gifted beyond the ordinary you will find that your design is insipid and dead—and the makers of

A THOUSAND-YEAR-OLD GARDEN CARVED ON A GIANT IVORY TUSK: AN EXHIBIT AT THE CURRENT HANDICRAFTS EXHIBITION IN LONDON.

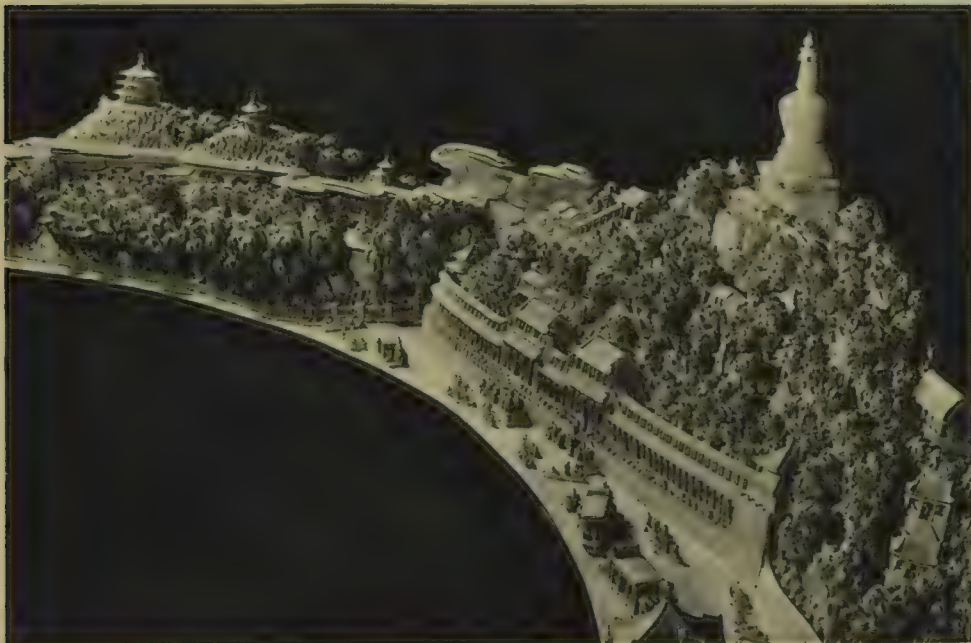
(Right.) WEIGHING NEARLY 11 STONE AND MEASURING 6 FT. IN LENGTH: THE GIANT IVORY TUSK WHICH TOOK SEVEN MEN THREE YEARS TO CARVE.



PART OF THE THREE-DIMENSIONAL CARVING ON THE TUSK: A SECTION OF PEI-HAI PALACE SHOWING THE PAVILIONS OF THE FIVE DRAGONS.



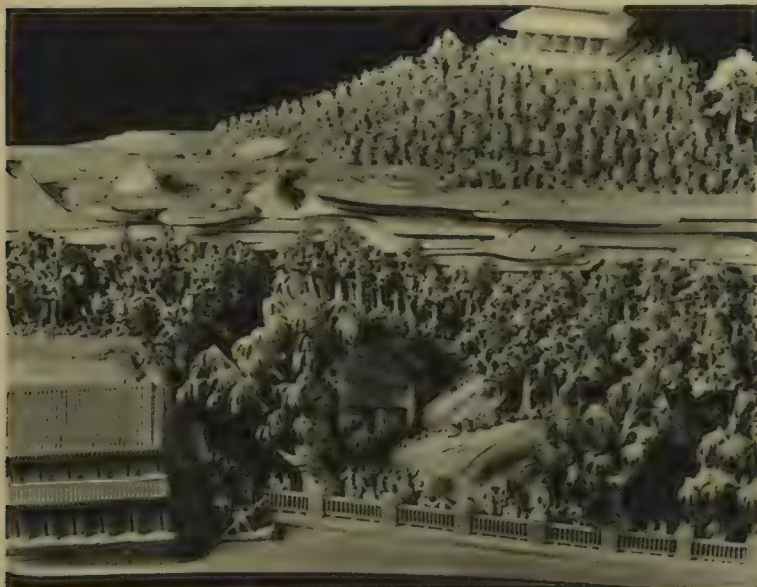
BETWEEN COAL MOUNTAIN (LEFT) AND THE EXHIBITION BUILDING: PART OF THE CARVING WHICH INCLUDES 1200 DIFFERENT FIGURES.



CHIEF VANTAGE POINT IN THE PEI-HAI GARDENS SHOWN ON THE IVORY TUSK: THE SOARING WHITE PAGODA. CENTRE, LEFT, ARE CLOUD FORMATIONS.



IN THE PALACE GARDENS: A SECTION OF THE CENTREPIECE OF THE EXHIBITION BUILDING AND RESTAURANT.



LOOKING TOWARDS COAL MOUNTAIN (UPPER RIGHT). THE SURROUNDING PARK IS A PLAYGROUND FOR CHILDREN.



WITH THE DOMINATING WHITE PAGODA: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CENTREPIECE OF THE CARVED TUSK WHICH SHOWS PEKING'S FAVOURITE PLEASURE RESORT.

The outstanding exhibit on the stand of the People's Republic of China at the fourth International Handicrafts Exhibition, which is being held in the Empire Hall, Olympia, until September 21, is a gigantic ivory tusk. This tusk, which is over 6 ft. in length, weighs nearly 11 stone and came from either India or Burma. Carved on the tusk is a panorama of the Pei-Hai (the Northern Sea) palace gardens which took the famous Chinese craftsman, Yang Shi-hui, and six distinguished fellow artists three years to complete. The tusk shows 1200 different figures and it is claimed that with a powerful magnifying

glass the expressions on the faces of some of the figures can be seen. At either end of the tusk, in green Chinese letters, a text describes the garden as "of enchanting beauty renowned a thousand years for its picturesque scenery. Shrubs and trees grace the city. Through the clouds emerges the majestic white pagoda. From behind the Pavilions tower the giant pines, while by the water's edge the willows weep." The tusk was carved by the Peking ivory-carving co-operative to commemorate the first National People's Congress and the promulgation of the Constitution in 1949.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

LEAVING aside the question whether historical novels should be written—which is a debate for purists—it remains as valid as in Scott's day that the heroes should not be historical figures. "The Last of the Wine," by Mary Renault (Longmans; 16s.), conforms to this and every other desideratum. It is the unfinished autobiography of an Athenian gentleman named Alexias, who was born at the beginning of the Great War—the war with Sparta—and breaks off the narrative in his late twenties: a year or two after the defeat of Athens, and before the death of Socrates. So there is abundance of "history"; in one aspect, his whole youth is a scene of war, crisis, revolution and demoralisation. He is in arms against Spartan raiders from boyhood, fights under Alcibiades, starves during the siege, flees from the tyranny of the Thirty and assists in their overthrow. Besides which, he is a disciple of Socrates, a schoolfellow of Xenophon, a friend of the young Plato. . . .

But this is a novel. Therefore its lifeblood is human interest; and its essential function is to convey not what happened to Alexias, but what it was like to be Alexias. What did he believe, and how did he feel about it? How might he have thought of the gods, accepted morality, love, women, Spartans in the concrete? It would be absurd to declare that now we know, for it would imply the capacity to judge; but at least we seem to know. The tale is not history disguised; it is a personal record, yet its most personal events are steeped in *Zeitgeist*. For instance: the hero's relations with his father germinate from the knowledge that he was to have been exposed at birth, as an ugly, undersized child, and owed his reprieve to chance. However: at sixteen, he has developed into a noted beauty, with a flock of suitors "offering to drown themselves in my unfathomed eyes, and all the usual procedure." And the action reaches its psychic turning-point at the Isthmian Games, where Alexias has entered for the ephebes' long-race, and his lover for the pankration, or all-in wrestling. I have not space to explain this shadow-moment, nor to analyse the bold, delicate treatment of the love-affair. Love between men and youths is central, and appears in this form as completely acceptable, though rather sad. Yet (which is even more of a feat) the narrator loses no sympathy in his dealings with women—inferior beings in semi-purdah. He is sympathetic all through; the whole book is wonderfully attractive, as well as learned. And beautifully written, in the ideal manner.

OTHER FICTION.

"Castle in the Sea," by Michelle Lorraine (Harvill; 10s. 6d.), is small and exquisite—a Child's Tragedy. Catherine, the narrator, used to spend her summer holidays in a tiny Breton village. In this particular summer, she makes friends with a group of the little boys, and is shown their secret place: the great bay across the heath, forlorn, enchanted—and a graveyard of fighting ships. Here they are deposited in *extremis*, the engines are taken out, and one day they sink. Meanwhile, Catherine's new friends have occupied a destroyer. Catherine goes aboard with them, and becomes a full partner in the life. For it is not just play; they study the toughest manuals, and go to Père Figuiet, a retired seaman, for all the help he can furnish without being told anything. Not that the adventure strikes them as *wrong* . . . but they have a canny, deep-seated feeling that "it's not usual." Then comes the disaster. But it is not the end of the story. Of themselves, the surviving children would flee each other in guilt and shock; the whole experience would be poisoned. But Père Figuiet intervenes—gently atoning them with their fellow-voyagers, and with a grand holiday that ended sadly. Both acts of the drama are truly childlike, with a modest and precise charm.

"The Memoirs of a Cross-Eyed Man," by James Wellard (Macmillan; 13s. 6d.), is a species of comedy-thriller—but more comedy than thriller—again in the first person. Thomas Ashe has commenced knight-errant at the rather mature age of forty-nine, with the impediments of a big, bulbous nose, a walrus moustache, and an acute case of Concomitant Convergent Strabismus. His Grail is the Divine She, currently revealed as Shala Deslisle, the film star. So he makes for North Africa (the scene of her new assignment as Dido), tosses her unworthy suitors in all directions—for he has not only quixotic single-mindedness; but the strength of ten—and gets left flat after a fantastic ordeal. Only to pick himself up and start again. The writer has struck an idea, and has a lot of sport with it.

"She Died Without Light," by Nieves Mathews (Hodder and Stoughton; 11s. 6d.), introduces the Pension des Eaux Calmes, Geneva. Expecting a rest-cure, Dr. Phillips has walked slap into a mad hatter's dream: as it were an oasis of dereliction, peopled with oddly-conducted guests and equally weird servants. The only normal inmate is the proprietress, Madame Sophie Rousseau—a gentle, humorous, but unfortunately crippled and rather rambling old lady. . . . After some time, the old lady dies of arsenic poisoning. . . . This is a first shot, and the writer has yet to learn that bewilderment should have bounds. But she is full of engaging novelty.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

TWO BIOGRAPHIES; PLAYS OF 1955 AND WILD FLOWERS.

AT the age of eleven I recall winning a copy of "Lorna Doone" as a prize at my preparatory school. What particular intellectual feat had brought me this award now escapes my memory, though I have a sneaking feeling that the prize was less a tribute to my talents than a means of disposing of the broadcast bounty of a World War I profiteer who subsequently went to jail. I greatly enjoyed Blackmore's classic, and Mr. Waldo Hilary Dunn's "R. D. Blackmore" (Robert Hale; 21s.) makes me feel that I should re-read this remarkable book. Not that even in those days I took the conventional view of it. Lorna herself appeared to me to be what one of my younger children would call "a soppy date"; "Girt Jan" Ridd struck me as representing the muscular Christianity which many years

later I came to dislike in rowing blues, and my sympathies were wholly on the side of the wicked swashbuckling and, if I remember rightly, ex-cavalier Doones. Even at that age, Carver Doone's interesting wickedness attracted me more than the dull self-righteousness of Mr. Ridd. I am interested to see that in this affectionate biography by an American scholar, Blackmore himself was prepared to agree with me. With endearing modesty he wrote to C. R. Ballard on October 31, 1899: "I am sure I don't know which of my books I like best, or whether I like any of them much. Often they all appear to me to be rubbish, and in none of them have I ever satisfied myself. There is something rather childish in 'Lorna Doone,' I think; and my opinion is confirmed by that of good judges. Perhaps taken altogether 'Alice Lorraine' is the best, though that is spun out and feeble in many places." Nevertheless, Blackmore, an attractive character if ever there was one, was a one-book author. For all that, he considered "The Maid of Sker" a much better book than "Lorna Doone." Blackmore was a character. As Mr. Dunn says: "I love him in the only way one should love, in the only way one ever does truly love: with honest abandon. I love his perversities, his whimsicalities, his weaknesses." For this American writer, Blackmore personified the best of Victorian Britain. "Of one thing I have always been sure, and that is that he was the very incarnation of England, that he may well be regarded as John Bull, with all of John's virtues, idiosyncrasies, stubbornness, kindness, gentleness, touchiness, aloofness, provincialism, patriotism; and yet withal a man possessed of an international outlook, a curiosity to know and understand all countries and peoples, and with a gentle tolerance which enabled him pretty well to understand his fellow creatures of whatever clime or race." He was insular in the most attractive of ways. He was cultivated as only well-educated men of his age were. He suffered much and preserved his sense of humour, however ponderous. He was not a great writer, whatever Mr. Dunn in his enthusiasm tries to prove to the contrary, but he was a splendid example of an Englishman in a great age.

Another book from the same stable and covering the same period is "Samuel Smiles and his Surroundings," by Aileen Smiles (Robert Hale; 18s.). Samuel Smiles is, of course, automatically associated with "Self Help," but this biography by Aileen Smiles, his grand-daughter, will come as a revelation to those who, as she says, think of Smiles as "held up to common opprobrium" because of "Self Help." "My grandfather," she writes, "was a real Victorian. He committed every Victorian crime. He wore hair on his face and painted in water-colours. He believed in large families (in moderation) and thought that parents should feed and educate their children, even to their own discomfort. He called a dance a hop, a cigar a weed, a hat a tile. He popped the question on all manner of subjects besides matrimony. He also had that hard Victorian streak in him, as we see when he speaks of mill operatives in the mass. As individuals, they were all right." But tough and unpleasant as Samuel Smiles would appear to an ease-loving generation, to his grand-daughter he was "a kind, merry, good-tempered man who was never cross and was always ready with his sovereign tips as we passed through London on our way to school." He would not have liked the modern age, and the modern age would certainly not have liked him. But at a time when the last of the great Empire, political and commercial, which the Victorians created, is disappearing, we may well regret that some vestige of the vigour and the self-reliance of Samuel Smiles has not remained to leaven the doughy lump of the national character.

Philip Guedalla once said of Hilaire Belloc that "the trouble about Mr. Belloc is that there are so many of him." The trouble about my colleague Mr. J. C. Trewin is that his writings are so prolific and of such uniform excellence. How am I, for example, to review his "Plays of the Year: Number 13" (Elek; 18s.). Once again Mr. Trewin selects wisely and well, and once again he produces an impeccable foreword. Indeed I am impatient with Mr. Trewin. He has long ago caused me to run out of superlatives.

The bulk of "A Book of Wild Flowers" (Bruno Cassirer; distributed by Faber; 35s.), notes by Sheila Littleboy and preface by Prof. C. D. Darlington, consists of 160 plates in eight colours by Elsa Felsko, which are things of beauty—and also of value to any serious student of botany.—E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

FRANK PARR'S play in the British Championship was a revelation only to those who did not know the latent capabilities which he could develop, were he able to devote himself to chess without distractions. Here is one of his best games, played against the new champion of the Northern Counties:

QUEEN'S GAMBIT, EXCHANGE VARIATION.

F. PARR	S. MILAN	F. PARR	S. MILAN
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-Q4	P-Q4	13. R-QB1	Q-K2
2. P-QB4	P-K3	14. B-Kt3	P-B4
3. Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	15. P-B4	P-B5
4. B-Kt5	B-K2	16. B-Kt1	P-QKt4
5. P-K3	Castles	17. B-KR4	Q-K3
6. Kt-B3	P-KR3	18. P-B5	Q-K1
7. B-B4	P-B3	19. B×Kt	P×B
8. B-Q3	QKt-Q2	20. Kt-Kt4	K-Kt2
9. P×P	Kt×P	21. Q-B3	B-Kt2
10. Kt×Kt	KP×Kt	22. Kt×RP	K×Kt
11. Castles	Kt-B3	23. Q-R3ch	K-Kt2
12. Kt-K5	B-Q3	24. Q-Kt4ch	Resigns

An old theme, though always attractive: after 24. . . . K-R2, there is no resource against the threatened 25. R-KB3 and 26. R-R3 mate.

It was Alexander who won the title, half a point ahead of Parr and, sad to say, I don't think he played a better game than this against me (I finished third). I was misguided enough to try a variation I had not adopted before. The secret weapon recoiled on its user!

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

C. H. O'D.	B. H.	C. H. O'D.	B. H.
ALEXANDER	WOOD	ALEXANDER	WOOD
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-K4	P-QB4	12. P×B	Kt-Q5
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	13. P-QB3	Kt-B4
3. P-Q4	P×P	14. Q-Kt4	P-Kt4
4. Kt×P	Kt-B3	15. Kt-Q2	Q-Q2
5. QKt-B3	P-K4	16. B-Q3	P-K5
6. Kt(Q4)-Kt5	P-Q3	17. B×KP	Kt-R5
7. B-Kt5	P-QR3	18. Q×Kt	P-B4
8. Kt-R3	B-K2	19. Q-B4	P×B
9. Kt-B4	B-K3	20. Kt×P	Castles(Q)
10. B×Kt	P×B	21. Q×BP	QR-K1
11. Kt-Q5	B×Kt	22. Castles (K)	Resigns

Twenty-one-year-old M. J. Haygarth, of Leeds, who tied with me, was the revelation of the tournament. Here he refutes an unsound sacrifice without any nonsense:

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

M. J.	W.	M. J.	W.
HAYGARTH	BROOME	HAYGARTH	BROOME
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-K4	P-QB4	10. B-QB4	B-Kt5
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	11. P-B3	Kt(Kt5)×QP?
3. P-Q4	P×P	12. Kt×Kt	Kt×Kt
4. Kt×P	P-KKt3	13. B×Kt	Q×B
5. Kt-QB3	B-Kt2	14. P×B	R-Q1
6. B-K3	Kt-KB3	15. P-B3	Q×KtP
7. B-K2	P-Q4	16. Q-R4ch	K-B1
8. B-QKt5	B-Q2	17. Castles (Q)	Q-K5
9. P×P	Kt-QKt5	18. Kt-K6ch	Resigns

regret that some vestige of the vigour and the self-reliance of Samuel Smiles has not remained to leaven the doughy lump of the national character.

FEATS IN THE U.S.A.: REFUELLING IN MID-AIR, AND TWO NEW RECORDS.



(Above.)
INSIDE ONE OF THE AMERICAN AIR FORCE'S GIANT TANKER AIRCRAFT, USED FOR REFUELLING IN MID-AIR. THE PETROL STORAGE TANKS IN A BOEING KC-97.

TWO new records have recently been established in the United States. M. Jean Habert, an engineer with the Renault car company, set up a new world speed record for gas-turbine driven cars when he reached a speed of 191.2 m.p.h. over a course at Bonneville Salt Flats, in Utah, on September 4. The car, named the *Etoile Filante*, was designed by a French engineer, M. Albert Lory, and has a very low plastic body with tail fins like those on aircraft. At the National Air Show at Oklahoma City a new endurance record was established, by a series of pilots, in a Bell H-31-1 helicopter which landed on September 3 after hovering for a total of 57 hours 45 mins.

(Right.)
A CONVAIR R3Y-2 TRADEWIND FLYING-BOAT REFUELLING FOUR GRUMMAN F9F COUGAR NAVAL FIGHTERS. THE TRADEWIND CAN CARRY SUFFICIENT FUEL FOR EIGHT OF THESE AIRCRAFT.



THE WINDOW IN THE BOTTOM OF A BOEING KC-97 THROUGH WHICH THE MID-AIR REFUELLING OPERATIONS ARE DIRECTED.



CHANGING PILOTS DURING A RECORD "HOVER" OF 57 HOURS 45 MINS.: THE BELL H-31-1 HELICOPTER WHICH IS CLAIMED TO HAVE SET UP A NEW ENDURANCE RECORD AT THE NATIONAL AIR SHOW AT OKLAHOMA CITY ON SEPTEMBER 1 TO 3.



AFTER SETTING UP A NEW WORLD SPEED RECORD FOR GAS TURBINE CARS OF 191.2 M.P.H.: M. JEAN HABERT IN ETOILE FILANTE, THE RECORD-BREAKING EXPERIMENTAL RENAULT, AT BONNEVILLE SALT FLATS, UTAH. THE RECORD WAS BROKEN ON SEPT. 4, AND THE PREVIOUS RECORD WAS 151 M.P.H.



"UNDER THE ARCH," BY VICTOR ELSCHANSKY: A STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH FROM BELGIUM AT THE
CURRENT 47TH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY.



AT THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY: DAME MARGOT FONTEYN IN "*LA PÉRI*."

The forty-seventh International Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography is being held at the R.W.S. Galleries at 26 to 27, Conduit Street, New Bond Street, London, W.1, and will remain open until October 6. This year a total of 371 photographs are being exhibited. Number 302, by Houston

Rogers, which we illustrate, shows Dame Margot Fonteyn as she appeared in the recent production of "*La Péri*" at Covent Garden. With her hands she is performing an Oriental flower movement, which, together with the coronet and the vivid spotlighting, helps to make the portrait so striking.

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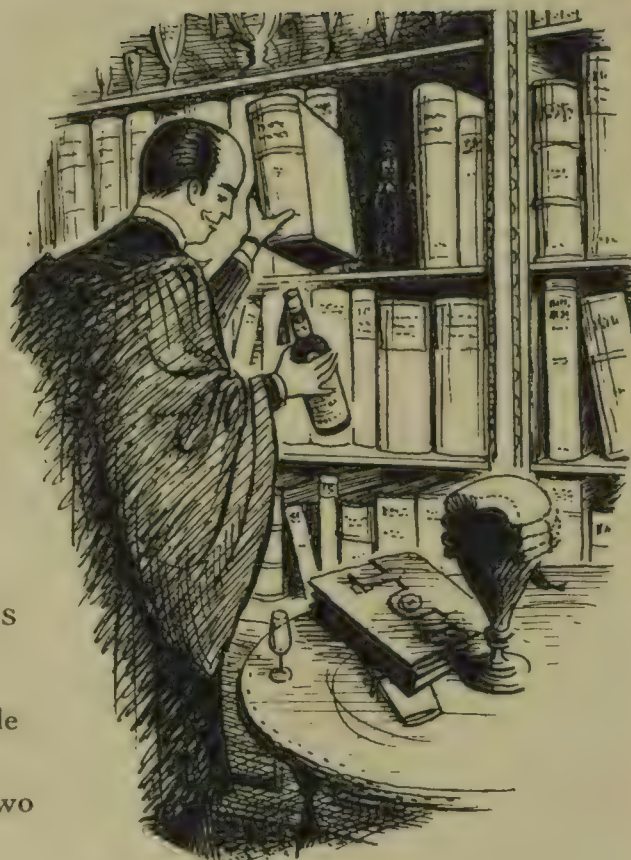


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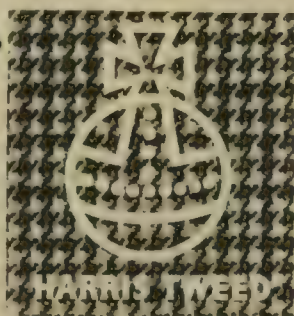
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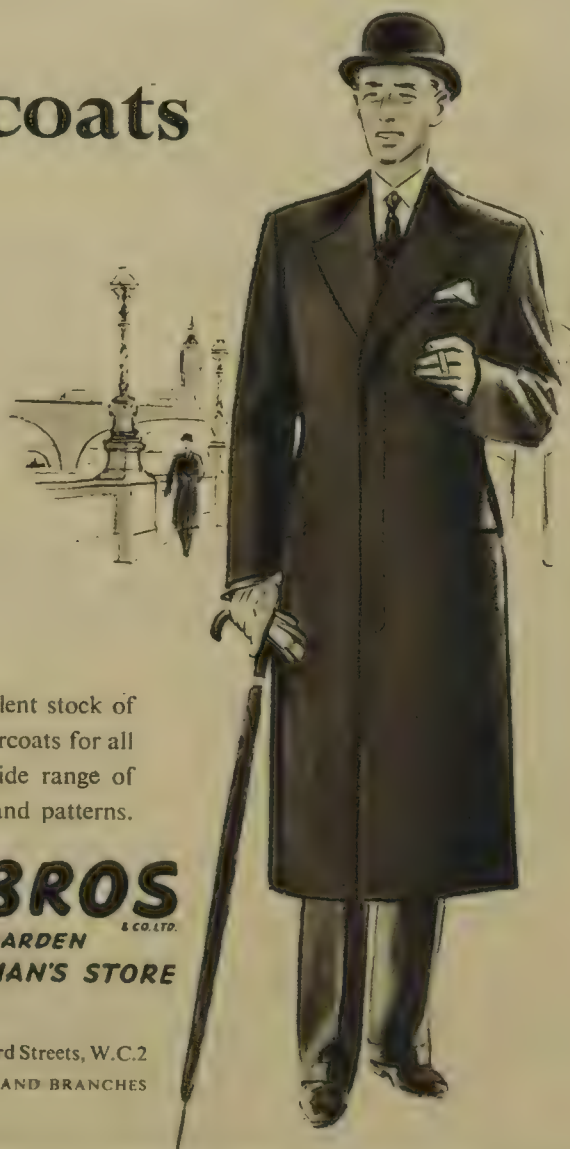
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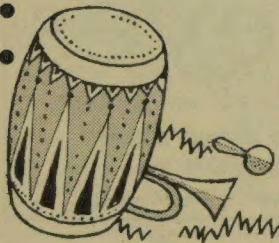
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SLIPPERS

AND

A

LARGE

Dubonnet. Un de ces jours

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SOME

DAY

il faudrait que j'arrive

I

MUST TRY

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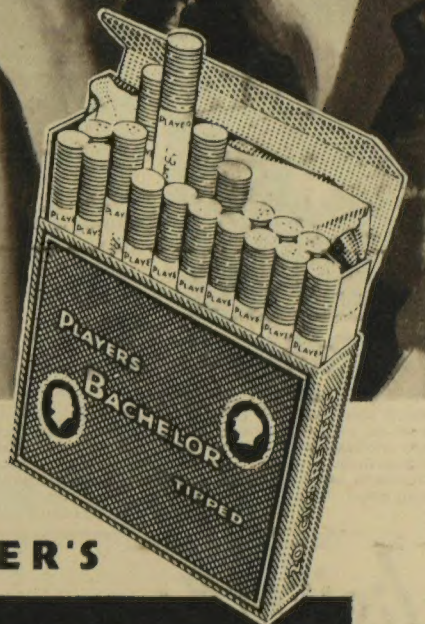


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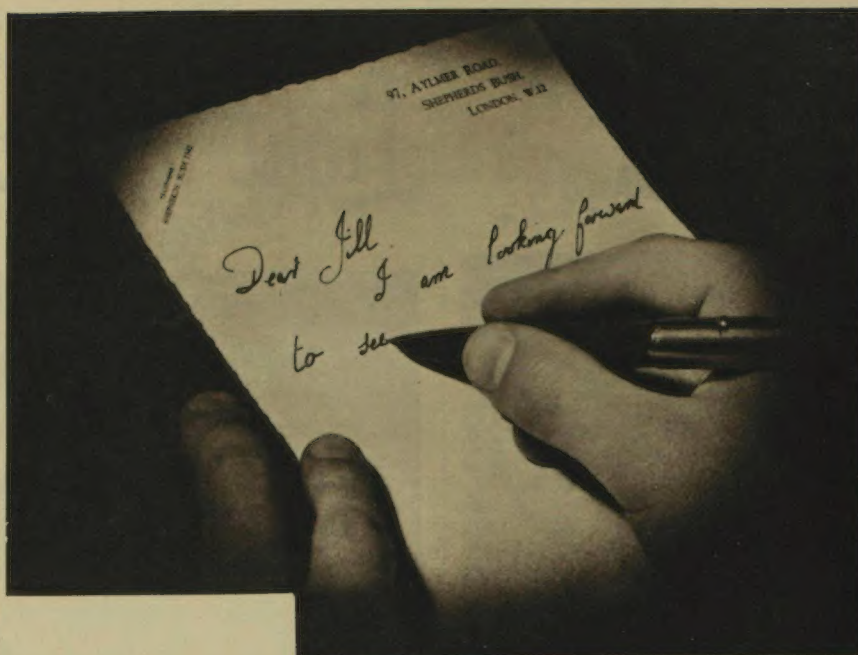
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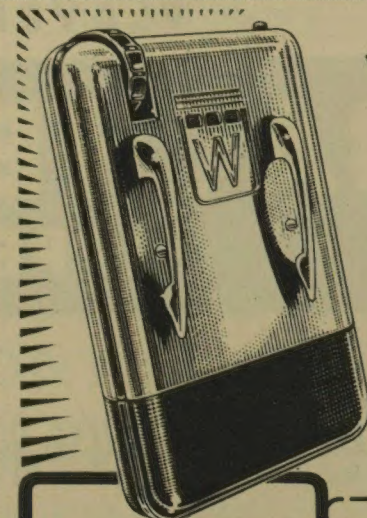
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